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[A MUTE APPEAL.]

## UNDER A LOVE CHARM;

OR,

### A SECRET WRONG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Christine's Revenge; or, O'Hara's Wife,"

"The Mystery of His Love; or, Who Married Them?" &c., &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### AN ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

A youth came riding, a maiden was hiding,  
All alone in the heart of a leafy dell;  
The youth bent his head, and courteously said,  
"The way to the town will you kindly tell?"

OLD BALLAD.

"EARLY autumn time. Out in the woods, far, far away from the smoke and dust and turmoil of city life, there is already a richer glow of colour; the nuts hang in light brown clusters down in the hollows; the blackberries are just ripening into luscious sweetness; in the early morning the white mists rise in the meadows, where the aftermath is emerald green. Presently the sun's warmth turns them into gold; soon the distance grows blue and clear as the day brightens. The air is very still. Everything seems ripe and ready to be garnered; the red fruit hangs yet in the orchard, and in the uplands the yellow corn still stands in sheafs, though the flat meadows in the valley were reaped a week ago. I dreamed that I leaned on a five-barred gate, and looked into a field where all the yellow corn was whispering and nodding in the wind. Be-

yond rose a peep of distant blue hills against a crimson sunset sky. I knew that beneath the corn-fields lay deep woods, where the birds sang in the early morning, and I longed to wander through their pathless verdure like a princess in a fairy tale seeking the hero lover who is to rescue her from the evil spell of some wicked enchantress. Alas! will my hero lover come to rescue me? How stale, flat, and unprofitable life seems! And I am only nineteen years old!"

Leontine Melrose spoke these words to her own heart; she did not utter them aloud. She might have done that, perhaps, had she really been alone in the woods and fields as she wished to be. Leontine was pacing the platform of an underground London railway. She was waiting for a train to arrive and take her to Westbourne Park. There, in a rather shabby-genteel back street, she lived with her father, her step-mother, three little sisters and one brother. She had not seen a glimpse of woods and fields for the last two years, and her soul longed, passionately longed, to be once more in communion with Nature.

But meanwhile a hard fate held her a close prisoner all through the time of roses and sunshine and woodland melody—a prisoner in a dingy house in a dreary street, with the ugliest of brick and mortar houses standing round her, the dustiest of patches, by courtesy called gardens, mocking her with their ghastly stunted parodies on flowers, mostly of the wall-flower species, but with little to show save long bare stalks. Every day she journeyed up from Westbourne Park to Baker Street, for she was a daily governess at a house in St. John's Wood.

She was paid thirty pounds a year for this daily attendance, and her fare consumed seven or eight pounds of this per annum, so that Leontine had not much more than twenty pounds a year left. But then as Mrs. Watts, whose children she instructed, remarked:

"Miss Melrose has the advantage of dining every day with the children in the schoolroom."

Mrs. Watts thought that she paid Miss Melrose too much instead of too little for her daily attendance. But then, to be sure, employers and employed seldom take the same view of these matters. To Leontine it seemed on this especial September evening, while she paced along the platform waiting for the train, that her life was but a dreary, weary, monotonous, pleasureless kind of existence.

Is life worth living? is a question which has been discussed much of late by the greatest philosophers and thinkers of our day. Leontine was perhaps rather too young to enter into the philosophical bearings of the pungent inquiry, but yet she kept asking herself impatient questions as she paced the length of the dreary platform waiting for the train, and inhaling the choking odour of the sulphur.

"I wonder if anything ever would or could happen to make us happy—us poor miserable Melroses! And how the neighbours laugh at papa's declaring himself the legitimate son of the Earl of Hartbury. I wonder if he is? Here it comes."

It was the train at last that came wheeling and puffing into the station. Leontine had been dreaming to such little practical purpose that she found herself close to the first-class instead of the third-class carriages. If she ran along she might have to wait another twenty

minutes, and it was necessary that she arrived home very punctually that evening.

The porters, however, all knew the pretty daily passenger so well, that a couple of them lifted her safely into a first-class carriage just as the train was moving off, and they shouted "All right, miss, nobody won't say nothing." These stiple negatives were well meant, though not exactly grammatical.

Leontine felt a little shy. She sank, however, with a sense of luxurious ease into the soft stuffed cushions and leaned back and closed her eyes, and said to herself:

"To be rich and always to travel thus would be pleasant, but I would rather wander barefoot through the summer lanes. Ah, how I long for a sight of them and of the sea;" and then Leontine opened her eyes.

There was a clear, bright light in the first-class carriage. Opposite to her sat a young man; the radiance of the lamp fell full upon his nobly formed head, clear cut features, and brown olive colouring—a thoroughly manly face and stalwart form. He had kind, dark, merry eyes, which he raised from a paper over which he was poring with a pencil in his hand, "as if he were making calculations." Leontine thought, but another glance made her alter her mind. The gentleman had actually been engaged in making a sketch of her own fair face as she leaned back in the carriage and closed her eyes. She flushed crimson, so did also the artist with the pencil. He seemed about one or two and twenty, young enough to blush and feel shy occasionally in the presence of youth and beauty, enhanced by the modesty and dignity of maidenhood.

"You are caught, Athelstane," said a voice in the corner. "I wish you would not be silly things."

It was a very handsome lady of fifty or so who spoke. She leaned forward and looked with a haughty smile at Leontine. She wore a black silk dress and a scarf of cardinal-coloured cashmere thrown over her shoulders. This suited the dark, girly-like style of her mature beauty. She had flashing black eyes, glittering white teeth, aquiline features, but her countenance was not a pleasant one.

"My son," she said, with an unsympathising smile, "fancies himself a great artist, and sketches every face he sees, good, bad, or indifferent."

"Every face he sees?" cried the young gentleman, with a laugh. "At that rate I could not find time to eat, sleep, or make myself so universally useful as I manage to do. And, as for indifferent faces, I beg leave to say that I never sketch them; only the good and the bad ones, a few of each, as I go along the world. Meanwhile, I humbly beg this lady's pardon if I have given offence."

"You have not," said Leontine, a little more eagerly than she would have spoken had she been brought up within the precincts of what is called "Society."

The young man bowed.

"Then I am forgiven?" he said. "I wonder if the young lady would consent to lean back and close her eyes once more, and I could put the finishing touches to this? Mother, will you intercede for me?"

"The young person will do as she likes," said the mother, with a little scornful laugh.

Leontine leaned back and closed her eyes, as she had done on entering the carriage. Athelstane went on sketching the pure, girlish face, looking up at her and then down at his sketch-book.

"Thank you," said he at length.

Leontine opened her eyes.

"May I see myself?" she asked, innocently.

"Certainly."

And Athelstane placed his sketch-book in her hands. She blushed again when she saw how lovely, but yet how sad, was the representation of her own sweet face. Strange to say, the artist, as if by some magic power, seemed to have divined the thoughts of her soul, for he had surrounded her with the trees as of a dense wood. She, clothed in white, lay under the

shade of a wide-spreading beech, her head pillowed on her arm.

"And I was so longing for the woods, for the country," she said.

"Here we are, at Westbourne Park Station," said the elderly lady.

Leontine likewise started up. Athelstane descended first, and very courteously he handed out, first Leontine, then his mother.

"And now, I wonder, who can direct us to St. Charles Street?" said that lady.

"I live there," cried Leontine.

"Oh! marvel of coincidences!" cried the young man, with a gay laugh. "Now, if this young lady's name turned out to be Melrose it would be like a scene in a farce."

"My name is Melrose," said Leontine, "and I live at number fifteen, St. Charles Street."

"Most extraordinary," said the elder lady. "Then you expect us this evening, Mrs. Rodney and Mr. Rodney and our servant?"

"Yes, madame," answered Leontine, and then she felt astonished that the lodgers who were willing to live in dingy St. Charles Street should be such stylish people.

Leontine knew nothing of the world, or she would not have wondered at the strange vicissitudes of life which are constantly bringing the wrong people into the wrong places. Number fifteen, St. Charles Street, Westbourne Park, was an upright, stiff-looking, flimsily-built house, situated in one of those streets where poverty, semi-poverty, or not genteel at all, as the case may be, hides its diminished head.

St. Charles Street turns out of a broad thoroughfare leading to one of the several railway stations of the neighbourhood. Surrounding the district are roads filled with handsome, highly-rented houses, but genteel poverty often lurks in the neighbourhood of wealth and prosperity.

Number fifteen, St. Charles Street, let at a rental of thirty-two pounds per annum; the tenant brought the payments up to forty-four pounds sterling. Mr. Melrose had hitherto found great difficulty in keeping this roof over the heads of his wife and children. A business-like female friend had suggested a remedy. There were three rooms in the tall, flimsy house which the Melrose family had never been able to use, save as play-rooms for the children, for the sufficient reason that they had never been able to furnish them.

The enterprising friend suggested that Mrs. Melrose should furnish these rooms on the new "hire system," and that then she should let the two bedrooms and the sitting-room, with use of kitchen, without attendance, for the moderate sum of fifty pounds a year, which sum would cover all the rent and leave a few pounds towards the hire of the furniture.

The plan had really been so far carried out that the rooms were furnished and engaged by a Mrs. Rodney, who, with her maid and her son, was to take possession that evening. Parsons, the maid, had hired the rooms, and paid five pounds deposit a week before; but Mrs. Rodney had not seen the house at all. Her luggage, together with her son's, filled a large truck.

"We must have a cab, I suppose," she said.

"Will you allow me to offer you a seat in the cab, Miss Melrose?" said Athelstane, politely.

His mother darted at him a look from her dark eyes which said:

"We must not be intimate with people where we lodge."

Leontine saw the look, and her high, though gentle spirit rebelled against Mrs. Rodney.

"I think she is a detestably proud woman," she said to herself.

Nevertheless she smiled sweetly, and told Athelstane that she "would far rather walk. It is so fine an evening," she said, "and sometimes a close cab-drive gives me a headache."

Athelstane looked annoyed, but Leontine's woman's tact enabled her to smile and bow and walk away gracefully and airily, while her little heart was smarting at the scornful looks of Mrs. Rodney.

"I am very sorry I allowed Parsons to take these rooms before finding out if the woman of

the house had grown-up daughters. Now that girl will be always in our rooms, or you in theirs, if so, we will move immediately."

Athelstane's dark face flushed crimson, but he laughed though his eyes flashed.

"You are anxious to make me a good little boy, my dear mother," he said, gaily, "and it is to be hoped your laudable efforts may succeed; but will you allow me to give you a sound piece of advice?"

They were in the cab now, lumbering along the dusty roads with all Mrs. Rodney's luggage over their heads on the roof of the conveyance.

"You may give me what advice you like," said the lady, with a grim smile. "I don't promise to follow it."

"Well, it is this, if you set your heart on my doing or not doing any one thing, don't attempt to drive me into it by assuming the high hand. You have a great spirit and a strong will, but so have I; you are a woman, I am a man, though a very young one, still a man, which you appear to forget. Now if there is anything in the world which would make me fancy myself in love with yonder girl, with her Madonna-like face, red lips, soft grey eyes, long dark lashes, and golden hair, it would be the seeing you treat her with scorn. Let me alone and I promise not to fall in love with her."

"Love can't be controlled!" cried the mother, "and yonder girl is an insinuating young creature. Young blood is fiery; young men do foolish things in haste, and repent them all their lives long."

"Most true, mother mine; your wisdom out Solon's Solon himself. Only listen to a little practical common sense. Let me alone, and I will paint Miss Melrose if she will sit for me. I will talk to her, take her to the theatre, if her father will let her come. I will be her friend always, for I feel sure her nature is pure and true, and there are so few pure, true natures that I will value one whom I meet with it. But—I shall never be that girl's lover, if you let me alone, mind, that is—"

"Why not?" his mother asked, sharply.

"Because she is not my ideal. My ideal must have dark eyes full of passionate fire, and lips red and ripe, and she must smile as I have only seen a girl smile in my dreams. Until I meet my dream woman I shall never love."

"Heaven send, when you do meet her, that you will not find her a barmaid at a refreshment counter, or a ballet girl, or heaven knows what!"

"Whenever I do meet her," said Athelstane. His eyes had a strange, dreamy look in them now, and he seemed to be talking more to himself than to his mother.

"If ever I do meet her I shall marry her if she will have me, if she is singing ballads in the streets. But something tells me that when I do meet her she will be above me, far removed from me, as the moon is removed from the murmuring obscure brook which reflects her image in its quivering breast."

"Oh, you sentimental noodle!" cried Athelstane's mother, with her hard laugh. "When I was a schoolgirl I should have been ashamed to talk in that brainsick fashion. Well, it is agreed then; you promise me that you will never fall in love with this pretty girl if I don't torment you?"

"Yes, I promise you that," said Athelstane, "but here we are in St. Charles Street. Ugh, it's a horrible thing to have very small means joined to very fastidious tastes and a great stock of pride. I wish I could live in a thatched cot by the side of a stream, with a deep green wood in the rear, a steep blue mountain in front; I wouldn't care if I had to go three miles after a postage stamp."

"Don't be absurd, but get out and see to the luggage," said Mrs. Rodney.

Before we follow our true heroine, Leontine, into the dingy rooms that were her home; before we introduce the reader to her friends, we



must give a slight sketch of the antecedents of the Rodneys, mother and son, who are now dining upstairs in their new lodgings. Their faithful servant Parsons has cooked this repast and is now waiting on her mistress and young master.

Athelstane's father had been the younger son of a baronet. His mother with her beauty had captivated Athelstane Rodney, young, enthusiastic and romantic. He had now returned from Dublin University, where his fancy had led him to graduate, filled with ardent dreams of liberty, equality and fraternity.

Almost, if not quite a radical, had the young Westmoreland squire become when he met Rosa Wyld, the daughter of one of the poorest curates in England. He fell in love "forty fathoms deep." His father stormed, his mother wept. Rosa was more powerful than either Sir Richard or Lady Rodney. She could storm as loudly as old Sir Richard himself. She could weep the brightest tears the "summer tempests" of the poet, and—Athelstane married her.

He was the younger son, and his father gave him nothing, literally nothing. Mr. Wyld, the curate, had a wife, seven children, and a hundred pounds a year, with an old house and a few acres of land rent free. He had not a sovereign to give Rosa towards a wedding outfit. That ambitious and sanguine young lady was not in the least daunted at the turn affairs had taken.

"Robert, the eldest son, is a poor, wretched, sickly creature," she said to her intimates; "if he had asked me to marry him I would have done so, because I feel certain he won't live long, but as it is he will soon make way for Athelstane, and then Wolvermoor is strictly entailed. Nobody can possibly keep Athelstane out of the title, and the estate is worth sixty thousand a year. I shall wear diamonds and go to Court and be Lady Rodney before I die, never fear."

These brilliant expectations were never realised. Athelstane and his handsome, high-spirited, somewhat cold-hearted wife, would have starved during the first years of their marriage had not Lady Rodney made them presents secretly out of her pin money.

Athelstane was speculative and a dreamer. He lived with his wife in rather poor lodgings in London. He tried his luck, his hand, and his fertile but unstable brain at one thing after another without possessing enough perseverance to ensure success.

By turns he was an author, an artist, a teacher of the classics, a political pamphleteer and even a maker of some new-fangled musical instrument, heavy to carry and (his enemies said), squeaky in tone, and all that he undertook came to grief.

His wife gave birth to twin boys. It happened that the band of blue ribbon fastened around the tiny wrist of the first-come to denote the possible heir to the Rodney title and Wolvermoor estate, in case that male heirs should fail to Athelstane's brother—it happened, we say, that this band slipped off and the children were at the time so much alike, being only three weeks old, that it was from that day forth, and for evermore, impossible to say which child was the elder.

Meanwhile old Sir Richard died unforgiving; his wife followed him in less than a month, but she settled upon Athelstane her little pittance of one hundred and forty pounds a year, and she sent his wife a present of a massive gold necklace and locket, and left to each of the twins fifty guineas a piece.

The sickly, ugly Robert was now Sir Robert Rodney. Poor Athelstane appealed to his brotherly feeling in a letter, in which he pleaded the cause of his wife and babes, and boldly asked for a brother's portion out of the rich baronet's abundance. The following is a copy of the letter which poor Athelstane received in answer:

"ATHELSTANE RODNEY,—

"You have been married five years, during which time, by my father's orders, I have

held no communication with you. I should, however, have acted on my own responsibility, and have sought you out had I had any real wish to see you again. I have none. You have married a woman who is not a lady, not only because she was the penniless daughter of a poor curate, and that her brothers are railway clerks, and her sisters nursery governesses or lady-helps or the wives of small farmers—no, it is not because of these mean connections that your wife is not a lady, but because she has a vulgar, coarse soul. She has spoken words of me which I will never forgive the longest day I live. She called me a wretched, sickly creature. She counted on my death; her words have been repeated to me. Do not write to me again. You are linked with a woman whose very name is hateful to me.

"Yours,

"ROBERT RODNEY."

## CHAPTER II.

### LEONTINE'S HOME.

I'm rightful heir of all yon lands  
Which stretch out to the sky;  
The title-deeds are in the hands  
Of those who scheme and lie.

OLD ROMANCE.

WHEN Mrs. Athelstane heard this letter read she burst into peals of loud laughter. She had ruined the prospects of her husband and children by her imprudent tongue; but she was one of those people who will never, by any means, allow themselves to have been in the wrong.

"Never mind," she said to herself, "the poor thing is an idiot, who can't get over the fact that I called him ugly when I was a girl; everything will come right; he will die and I shall be Lady Rodney in spite of him."

This, however, never came to pass. Poor Athelstane died when his twin boys were little more than nine years old. By this time Sir Robert had married a rich Cumberland heiress, and was the father of two little girls of six and seven, but there seemed not the least prospect of any more children. Lady Rodney was a confirmed invalid. She was suffering from a spinal complaint; it really seemed more than likely that one of the twin boys would succeed to the Wolvermoor estates.

The death of his only brother touched the baronet with some compunction. He wrote a business-like letter to his sister-in-law, in which he told her that although resenting the past to the point of being resolved never to consent to interchange words with her, he could not but recognise the fact that one of her sons was his heir.

"Should I have no sons," he went on to say, "it will remain for me to choose which of your sons shall succeed to my estates. They must both receive the education of gentlemen. I will place them at school and college, and the one whom I do not choose as my heir shall be helped towards any honourable profession."

When our tale begins the twin brother of Athelstane was his uncle's acknowledged favourite. Horace was a flatterer by nature; he had all his mother's worldly ambition, with far more worldly craft than that peculiar lady possessed. He was fairer in complexion than Athelstane, a very brilliant and courteous and fascinating young gentleman. He was now on a long visit at Wolvermoor, enjoying with a young man's keen relish all the sports by flood and field that the woods and mountains, lakes and moors, afforded, visiting too all the gayest county magnates.

It was well known that the nervous, irritable Sir Robert intended to marry his brilliant nephew to his clever though not handsome daughter, Eva, so that the great estates should be hers as well as her cousin's. As for Athelstane, although he was the most courteous young man in the world, with a delicate reverence for the feelings of others, he could not crouch or fawn or tell a falsehood to save his life.

If his views differed from his uncle's, and if his uncle ever asked him for his opinion, he gave it frankly. He was a Bohemian at heart—a lover of freedom and justice. Sir Robert called him a radical, and he was only occasionally invited to Wolvermoor, and only to one or two of the great "at homes" that the baronet's daughters gave under the auspices of a lady chaperone, at their town house in Cavendish Square during the season.

Athelstane received, however, from his uncle a small allowance of eighty pounds a year. He was reading for the bar; his were versatile talents, for he was a good musician, and was rarely gifted as an artist. However, he wished to carve out a road for himself at the bar; he aspired one day to enter the Commons and make his voice heard among the nations; and his aspirations were noble, for it was not so much that he hoped that Athelstane Rodney would become a great man as that he hoped that Athelstane Rodney would some day do some good in his generation.

His mother's means and his own put together made an income of a little over two hundred a year; but his studies at the bar entailed expense, and he had come to live near Bayswater because he had an engagement there to read German and Greek with certain young gentlemen at a great house called Cambridge Cloisters.

A clergyman, the Rev. Doctor Thorne, took pupils to prepare for the universities, and Athelstane was to be a daily tutor at a salary of sixty pounds a year. All this and more would be swallowed up in the expenses of his legal studies.

Mrs. Rodney, who liked change, and who had been in seaside lodgings in Dover for a year, was willing to try a London suburb for a few months; and now having related the antecedents and glanced at the prospects of our hero, Athelstane, we will introduce the reader to our heroine, Leontine, and her relations.

A very comfortless room. Is there any need to describe the sordid belongings and surroundings of a poverty at once hopelessly palpable and yet hopelessly genteel? The shabby old carpet which only covers the centre of the floor, the rickety sofa of faded chintz, the arm-chair with the castor off, the table stained and with large pieces of the veneer peeled away, and then the disconsolate army of bent cane-seated chairs, the paper defaced and torn, the limp, scanty, shrunken curtains?

Mr. William Melrose was the father of five children, of whom Leontine was the eldest. Her brother Caesar was a fine, impulsive, warm-hearted boy of fifteen. Then there was a step-mother, with three little daughters. Mr. William Melrose was stretched upon the rickety sofa reading the "Daily Telegraph." Mrs. William Melrose was making the tea; the three little girls in pinafores, more or less dirty, with hair more or less rough, sat round the table staring hard at the piles of bread and butter which Leontine was cutting; they were all very pretty little girls, tumbled locks and dirty pinafores notwithstanding, but not one of them had the promise of such loveliness as Leontine's.

It was a rare loveliness, a face like a Madonna of Raphael's, especially now when the grey, dove-like eyes were downcast, and the long lashes swept the cheek. Her complexion was of creamy fairness, the mouth sweet and eloquent-looking, with ripe red lips. And yet Leontine was pale and her hair was pale gold, and to casual observers on the look out for strong contrasts and bright colouring, her beauty might not be palpable. Her step-mother said: "Leontine wants dressing, poor child."

She was always shabbily attired. The most grinding poverty forbade her even the luxury of new gloves or bright ribbons. Neat she was and exquisitely refined, and particular, but she was always dressed in shabby clothes. Whenever a new dress was purchased it was purchased for Mrs. Melrose.

Leontine used to have her cast-off robes

washed and made up for herself. She wore on this warm September evening a brown faded stuff, but it fitted her exquisite form to perfection, and was relieved by a snowy ruff at the throat and a red rose in the waistbelt.

Mrs. Melrose was a lady with a long, pale face and projecting teeth. She wore a holland dress clean and newly starched, and a sky blue ribbon at her throat. Mrs. Melrose had a temper; you could see that in every line of her discontented face.

Mr. Melrose had one of the handsomest faces and wore one of the shabbiest coats that were ever seen in conjunction. He had great, restless, beautiful, brown eyes, a perfect profile and splendid rich olive colouring, but his was a very weak, irresolute expression, and not a very good tempered one either.

"Am I never to have a cup of tea?" he asked, crossly, and he flung down the paper.

Leontine handed him a cup of tea; he took it without thanking her.

"I wonder I don't blow out my brains," said Mr. Melrose.

Mrs. Melrose laughed spitefully.

"I don't think you've got any!" she said.

He looked at her as if he would have liked to slap her, but he only said as he stirred his tea:

"What a kind, sympathising wife I have, to be sure!"

"Why do you waste your time over those old certificates and registers?" said the lady. "You've been at it all your life trying to make out that you are Lord Melrose. Ha! ha! ha! A pretty lord, indeed, without a second pair of boots to his feet. If my papa knew how I was situated he would make me come away."

Mr. William Melrose was not a good-tempered man; but although it was quite true that he had not another pair of boots to his feet, he was a gentleman by habit, instinct and education, so he restrained his wrath. He would have liked somebody or other to oblige him by boxing the ears of Mrs. Melrose; but he was far too much of a gentleman to do so himself.

"Your papa—" said Mr. Melrose, and then he stopped.

"My papa," said Mrs. Melrose, "brought me up a lady. I had a good finishing education at Brighton. I always had two servants to wait on me and plenty of new dresses before I married you."

Mr. Melrose finished his cup of tea and placed it on the table by his side.

"The time will come," said he, "when that hoary old sinner, the Earl of Hartbury, will acknowledge me to be his lawful son, and will prove to the world that the present so-called Lord Melrose is baseborn, though his mother was an earl's daughter, and though my vile old father married her in St. George's, Hanover Square, and four dukes sat down to the wedding breakfast. My mother was then his lawful wedded wife, notwithstanding that he had destroyed the certificate of their marriage. I was then two years old, and was living with my unhappy mother in a secluded farmhouse in Surrey. She died of a broken heart, but not for ten long years—not till I was twelve years old. And the last words she said to me when she was dying were these:

"William, you are the true Lord Melrose. Your father has deserted and abandoned me, for I am only the daughter of a tenant farmer on his estate of Melrose, in the county of Worcester, but here is my wedding-ring, here is his portrait and mine taken in the first flush of his love soon after we were married. Keep them as long as you live." And although I have often wanted bread, Leontine," said the broken gentleman, with a half sob, "I have never sold that gold ring nor those two exquisite miniatures painted on ivory."

"I know I want a new bonnet badly enough," said Mrs. Melrose, tossing her head with its straw-coloured hair. "I wish you would sell those foolish old things and let me have the money."

"My adoration for you, madame, may be great; but it does not influence me so far as to induce me to part with what may one day prove

my right to the titles and estates of the Earls of Hartbury."

Mrs. Melrose broke into such loud, scornful laughter that she was obliged to set down the teapot.

"I wish you would try and rise in your situation instead of humbugging about such rubbish," said the lady, coarsely. "What is one hundred pounds a year to keep us all? Where should we be if we hadn't Leontine's twenty pounds a year to help us? Think of the bill we owe at Brice's, and the impertinence of the girl because I owe her a month's wages."

Mr. Melrose passed his white hand wearily over his white brow.

"Heaven grant me patience," he began.

"That's what I say!" cried the lady. "Don't I require patience when I want money and shoes and dresses, and have to sit every day and hear you tell these fine tales about being the son of old Lord Hartbury, who won't acknowledge you?"

"Leontine," said Mr. Melrose, looking straight at his beautiful daughter with his luminous eyes, "Leontine, do you believe that I am the lawful son of that hoary old earl, the true Lord Melrose? Answer me."

"Yes, papa," she answered, with a half sigh.

She had always said to herself since she had been old enough to reason about these things, that her papa was a dreamer, and that there was no hope that the wicked old earl of Hartbury, who was, in truth, her grandfather, would ever acknowledge this son, the child of a country girl, as his lawful heir, that most likely Leontine's grandmother, the daughter of the humble tenant farmer, had been trapped into a false marriage fifty odd years ago.

The earl had taken no notice whatever of his son William, either directly or indirectly, for many years. He had managed effectually to destroy all proofs of his marriage with Sarah Wheeler, the Worcestershire farmer's daughter. Long before her death the heartless rone had been accustomed to return all Sarah's letters unopened; he had made her an allowance for life of a hundred a year, and out of this she had managed to support herself and place her son at school.

Upon her death the earl's lawyer had sent William to another school, where he went by the name of Wheeler, the family name of Melrose he was forbidden to use. When William grew up he was one of the handsomest men living, but his whole character and prospects suffered by his supposed rightful heirship to the title of Hartbury and the great estates of Melrose.

He never settled to anything; he fell in love and married a pretty orphan girl, a lady-like young creature, a governess; she was the mother of Leontine and her brother Caesar. William refused the life pension of one hundred a year which the earl would have settled on him on condition of his never attempting to establish the legitimacy of his birth or to assume the name of Melrose.

A desperate quarrel was the result. The earl washed his hands altogether of his son, and left him to his fate. William had led a restless, idle, miserable life. He was always plunged to the lips in poverty. His first wife was highly educated, and an accomplished musician.

She instructed Leontine, who was gifted with a fine intellect and a great talent for music. The poor mother died when Leontine was thirteen. The young girl was so advanced for her age that she was admitted to an excellent lady's college as pupil teacher, and received in return good instruction in languages, painting and music, so that when she left school, at a little more than seventeen, she soon obtained the situation in St. John's Wood which enabled her to be of so much use to her parents.

As for herself, she reaped no advantages from all her labours or any of the work which she performed so faithfully and patiently. Her father's second wife was the daughter of a baker in the West of England. The baker was

not rich, but he often sent his daughter a present of a few pounds.

Mr. Melrose was a clerk in a lawyer's office in the City at a salary of one hundred pounds a year. Out of this salary he found it impossible to support Mrs. Melrose, her three little girls, himself and poor Caesar, whom his father regarded as next heir after himself to the earldom. The Melrose family were always heavily in debt to the provision dealer. Leontine left the tea-table and looked over at the dreary row of brick houses and dusty gardens opposite.

"I must go," she said. "I must change my dress. I am going to play at Cambridge Cloisters. You know there is a dance there to-night."

"My child," said Mr. Melrose, "my pretty Leontine, who will one day be Lady Leontine, must she play for wretches like these Bayswater snobs to dance?"

"I shall have ten shillings, papa," said Leontine, firmly, "and I must have some new boots next week if the weather becomes wet. I have such holes in these I wear."

"Stop, stop!" said Mr. Melrose, "you will madden me. I tell you you will play for snobs to dance."

"Doctor Thorne," said Leontine, "has noblemen's and gentlemen's sons in his school. This is a breaking-up party, and numbers of grand people will be present."

William Melrose started up from the faded couch whereon he lay.

"You may see some of them, some of the so-called Melrose family there," he said. "My baseborn half-brother, who is called Lord Melrose, has a son the age of Caesar and daughters older than you, for he married before me. If you should see any of them give them—give them—from me, your wronged father, my eternal curse! It has fallen upon them in some shape, I am sure of it, already."

Leontine looked in alarm at her father's excited face. She hastened away to don the best dress she possessed, a black grenadine over an old black silk skirt; but with a rich crimson rose at her breast, and snowy delicate, if cheap, lace at her throat, she still looked like a young princess.

She sat solitary in a long, carpetless room in the great scholastic mansion. She sat before a grand piano waiting for the guests to enter—the young gentlemen pupils and their friends. There were folding doors at the end of the room, through which came the murmur of voices. All at once a scream, so horrible, rent the air, that Leontine started to her feet, pale and trembling.

A side door burst open; there entered a woman, dressed in white, with massive golden ornaments upon her neck and arms. She rushed towards Leontine and sank at her feet, her hands helplessly clutching the air. Leontine saw a terrible spasm pass over her face, and then the girl reeled and caught at the piano for support. The white silk robe of the lady was stained with blood. Was that a dead face she was looking at?

(To be Continued.)

THE "Conqueror," one of the armour-plated vessels under construction at Chatham Dockyard, has had additional men set to work upon her, and she is progressing rapidly. She is the first turret-ship which will be built almost entirely of steel, but her cost will be heavy, the hull alone being estimated at £228,000. Her total cost will be over £300,000.

MR. PLIMSOLL is vindicated now. A statement is published showing that his provision for the detention of unsafe vessels has resulted in the condemnation of 319 defective vessels, and only five were improperly detained. Besides these, ninety-six overlaid ships have been found unsafe. In the first six months of the present year, three vessels were ordered to be dismantled as utterly unfit for service.





[DON RODRIGO DE CASTELLARO.]

## THE COST OF CORA'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"*Clytie Cranbourne*," "*The Golden Bowl*,"

"*Poor Leo*," "*Bound to the Trawl*,"

"*Fringed with Fire*," &c., &c.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### FACE TO FACE.

Sleep is pain's easiest salve, and doth fulfil  
All offices of death, except to kill.

FROM the first moment of his arrival at the place of his birth, a strange shuddering sense of depression came over Walter Smith. Had he been a superstitious man he would have thought that the house was haunted by the un-avenged spirit of his murdered father.

As he did not, however, believe in the power of the dead to re-visit the scenes of their mortal life, this fancy could take no hold of his mind, and yet a gloom which he could not drive away fell upon him from the moment he came within sight of the spot where his parents had spent the few brief months of their married life.

Beyond and above the depression, however, was another feeling, stronger and more powerful, a kind of fascination that chained him to the place, and made him feel for the time, at least, as though he could not, must not, dare not, leave it.

Why or wherefore he would have found it hard to say. He longed for the fellowship of his cousin; he felt singularly and painfully alone; the companionship even of big Nell would have been unspeakably grateful to him,

and yet he could not rouse himself to seek for anything to distract his gloomy thoughts.

A lassitude that was strange to him seemed to hang heavily on his mind and to paralyse his limbs. And more than once after Dick had left him to return to the city, our hero felt his head swim; several times he even staggered and would have fallen to the ground had he not saved himself by clutching at some piece of furniture or whatever else was nearest to him for support.

Tim O'Grady looked at his young master anxiously, and muttered something to himself about "faver," and it was mainly through his persuasion that Walter was at last induced to go to bed; that is, he consented to lie down where he was, for he obstinately refused to sleep in any room but the one which had been his father's study and where the furniture and everything in it remained pretty much the same as it had been four-and-twenty years before.

Finding his master was not to be persuaded to occupy a bedroom, Tim began to arrange a bed for him on a wide leather-covered couch, and as he did so he looked about him nervously from time to time, not feeling very certain either that he had not dreamed the past, or that he was not dreaming at the present moment.

For Walter's face was strangely like that of his dead father, and the lassitude and weariness now depicted on it made him look older than was his wont, and thereby still further increased the resemblance. The bed was soon ready, and the young man threw himself upon it, saying wearily:

"I wish Nell was here."

Then he fell into an uneasy feverish slumber, tossing restlessly on his couch, moaning, muttering, but never quite waking up out of the lethargic stupor that was upon him.

Tim O'Grady had slept in too many uncomfortable places since he left his mother country not to find a large bear skin that lay on the floor a very good substitute for a bed, and

wrapping himself up in a blanket he was soon sound asleep.

The night was warm and sultry, and the door-like window opening on to the veranda was thrown wide open for the sake of giving ingress to the cool night air. When preparing for bed Walter had been particularly careful to put his revolver, his purse, and his watch and chain under his pillow within reach of his hand in case danger of any kind should threaten him.

Now Tim O'Grady had a very respectful regard for firearms. He never saw a pistol in a man's hand but he felt convinced that the man would shoot him. The deed might be done by accident or by design, but the result Tim ruefully thought would be the same, and therefore it was never without some nervousness on his part that he saw Walter handle his beautifully mounted revolver.

That his master would not wish to harm him Tim knew, but then, the Irishman reasoned, the young man was excited and feverish, he might even become delirious, and then, who could say what mischief he might do with firearms so ready to his hand.

Thus it happened that with a prudent regard for his own safety, Tim took advantage of his master's back being turned for a moment to remove the pistol from where Walter had placed it, and hid it between the cushion and the frame of the sofa.

So the two men slept. The one feverishly and restlessly, dreaming strange distorted dreams, all having the same strain of horror and terror and danger. While the other, rolled up on the floor, snored loudly enough to waken himself, and with a regular persistency that would have been in the highest degree exasperating to anyone compelled to listen to it.

Noiselessly and cautiously as a snake makes its way through the grass, a man crawled along the veranda, paused at the opened window and listened to the regular breathing of one of the sleepers and the deep snores of his companion. Oh, why was not big Neil here at this time?

Why had she been brought so far to be left behind now, when she was most wanted?

There was no light in the apartment, and for a time the intruder listened, but the sleepers did not awake, then the spy crept back to his companions. A few whispered words of consultation followed, then three more men crept back with the first, leaving two others behind with the horses and mules.

Stealthily they creep along—they are on the veranda; now they are in the room, and still the sleepers are unconscious of their presence. They strike no light, they utter no sound, and yet their object is evidently not plunder, for silently and cautiously, guided only by their quick instincts, they pause by the side of the sleeping men. Two swarthy figures bend over Tim O'Grady, and two others, more powerful and more resolute, stand by the side of his master.

As though conscious even in his sleep that something is amiss, Walter turns on his side restlessly with a moan. The next instant he is wide awake calling "Tim! Tim!" for his hands are tied together as though he had on a pair of handcuffs, and he can feel the warm breath of his captors, though in the darkness he cannot distinguish them.

"Comin', comin', yer honour," shouted Tim, waking up in a hurry. "Ah! the devil's luck to ivery mother's son of ye, ye dirty bla-guard!" he continued as he realised the situation; "sure, yer honour, they've tied me hands. May the curse of Crom—ugh! ough! ough!"

The torrent of invective suddenly ceased, for poor Tim O'Grady was gagged. Walter struggled and fought, handcuffed as he was and unable to distinguish his opponents, who tried to fill his mouth and silence him as they had done his servant; and even as he struggled he demanded to know who they were who thus dared to attack an Englishman.

"You'll not be hurt much, I guess, stranger, that is, if you come quiet," said a voice with a strong American twang in it.

"I'll go wherever you wish if you won't gag me," cried Walter, who felt not only that his strength was failing him, but that the odds were terribly against him.

"You'll give your word not to call out if we don't stop the leak in yer head for ye?" questioned the same voice.

"Yes, I will."

"Wherever we take you?"

"Yes; wherever you take me."

This after a pause, for it was like closing up the last avenue of freedom, but he felt that to be gagged would kill him. The men evidently attached more value to his word than was to be expected, they did not gag him, they helped him on with his clothes as well as they could in the darkness, and after extorting a further promise that he would not attempt to escape, they untied his hands and left him so far at liberty.

No light had been struck; all had been done in the dark, and with hardly any noise. Probably the men who had thus made prisoners of our hero and his servant feared lest the mounted patrol might have his suspicions aroused if he saw a light in the lonely house at this late hour, and they knew that any sound of disturbance would bring the guardians of the law down upon them directly, for the act of violence they were engaged in was far too near the city to be accomplished without great risk and danger to themselves, as well as to the man who had instigated it.

With an instinctive feeling that Castellaro was at the bottom of this outrage, and that it would be well to be armed against the villain, Walter, in the darkness, slipped his hand under his pillow intending to take possession of his revolver and secrete it in his breast, when to his chagrin and dismay he found that it was already gone.

In his astonishment and bewilderment he forgot to take either his purse, watch, chain, or locket, all of which were still where he had placed them, but submitted quietly to be led out and mounted on a fine Spanish mule, while the men who had surprised and made him a prisoner rode two before him, one on each side, and two behind, the unfortunate Tim, still

bound and gagged, being conducted between the last two.

Their course lay eastward in the direction of the snow-capped cordillera; every step took them farther away from civilisation, from the reach of the arm of the law, and from all hope of deliverance. As the morning dawned, and Walter, looking back, saw the plight of his poor servant, he stopped his mule and expostulated with his captors.

"Why do you treat my servant like this?" he demanded, haughtily; "it is me that you want, I suppose; why should he be bound and gagged in that cruel way?"

"Wal, you see, stranger," interposed the Yankee, "we can take yew'r word for not makin' tracks because yew'r rule grit, yew air, but that theer darned cuss of an Irisher would think no more o' breakin' his parole than I dew o' wallerin' this yer drain," and he suited the action to the word and half emptied the flask.

"Nonsense, he will be quiet enough if I tell him to be so; don't you see that he is an old man and is choking? Let him breathe, for heaven's sake; don't have murder upon your souls."

"One more couldn't make much difference," was the cool reply; "but we'll look to you for his good behaviour," and with an order in Spanish to the men who had charge of Tim, he rode on, while the poor Irishman was freed from his gag and allowed once more to breathe freely.

Walter asked no questions as to where they were taking him, or for what purpose they had forced him to accompany them. A fever was in his blood, a fire in his veins, while his head throbbed and burned and felt ready to burst with the intolerable heat that consumed him, and more than once he swayed in his saddle and seemed as though he were about to fall. The Yankee who had charge of the expedition looked at him critically at first, then rather anxiously.

He spoke to the young man, felt his burning hand, and convinced that his captive was in the first stage of a violent fever, he said something sharply to his companions, who, at the word, urged on their mules, while he himself kept close to our hero's side to guard against his falling from his saddle. Two hours' hard riding by rough and sometimes perilous paths brought them to a wide, desolate plateau, on the border of which was a group of three casitas or or Indian huts of stone, the one at which the Yankee bade his party pause being rather larger than is commonly the case.

"Guess yew'r tu ill to travel any, stranger," he said, addressing Walter, "and we don't raise doctors hereabout, so you'd best go and lie down for a spell while I send on to know what's to be done next. Your man can go along and look a'ter you, but you'll both have to swear that you won't try no dodges."

"I don't feel much like trying anything," replied Walter, with a weary look; "but tell your master, Roderigo de Castellaro, that he need not have sent for me in this brigand-like style; I am as eager to meet him as he can be to see me; and now—"

He could say no more; his head swam. The fever that had been for some hours gaining in intensity now obtained a complete mastery over him, and he would have fallen if they had not caught him in their arms and carried him into the hut.

To undress and lay him upon a rude substitute for a bed was the first thing to be done, while an old Indian woman hastily began to strew some herbs in an earthen pipkin over the fire, muttering incantations as she did so, and eagerly watching the decoction until it was, in her judgment, fit for use.

When it was nearly ready she made Tim O'Grady understand that he must sponge his master from head to foot with some warm water and a piece of woollen cloth she gave him. At first the lazy fellow, who had no great faith in the use of water on the skin, refused to do as she desired him, but compulsion was close at hand; four of the men remained on guard, and they soon gave Tim to understand that whatever consideration they were bound to show to his master

need not be extended to himself, and their arguments were so emphatic that the man, who, to tell the truth, was something of a coward, obeyed without further cavil.

So Walter was washed like a baby, then swathed in blankets as tightly as a mummy bound ready for its case, and all this being done to her satisfaction, the old woman made him drink nearly a pint of her steaming infusion of precious herbs, and as her patient, too helpless now to contest the point, yielded uncomplainingly, she arranged his pillow, seated herself on the floor by his side, and began to croon out some Indian lullaby, such as she had no doubt used to her children and her children's children, and that had been handed down to the women of her tribe for many generations.

Before she had been singing many minutes, however, the patient's eyes closed, and he fell into a deep, heavy sleep, while beads of perspiration started out upon his forehead and face, and his whole body seemed to steam as though he were in a vapour bath. As she saw this, the old Indian woman nodded her head sagaciously; the hot, dry, parched and burning skin was now soft and covered with profuse moisture, and the fever that unchecked might have proved fatal was now arrested in its course.

"He will sleep for many hours; then he will be weak as a baby," she said to Tim, and one of the men left to guard them, who was standing by the side of the sleeper. "He will want nothing, and you are hungry."

Then she left the rough room, which formed half of the hut, and the others followed her to the fireplace, where the three other men were already busy cooking their food. How long Walter remained in this life-restoring sleep he never knew.

It must have been a long, long time, for the sun was dipping towards the west when he opened his eyes and saw the face of a strange man within a few feet of him. He tried to rise, but he could not. He tried to speak, but the words seemed tardy in coming to his lips, and when he could command his voice, at last he murmured, like a man in a dream:

"Roderigo de Castellaro, so we meet at last."

Then his eyes closed, and he fell again into a condition of sleep or of unconsciousness. The stranger saw he had fainted, and he went to the door and called out imperiously in Spanish:

"Here, come and help this man, some of you. He must not die. Quick, I say; I would hang him all sooner than let him escape me like this."

There was a rush into the room, and Tim O'Grady, taking advantage of the momentary confusion, slipped out of the hut, and crawling behind the rocks, and hiding himself in the thick bushes and underwood, managed to get far away from the spot where his sick master lay, long before his own absence had been discovered.

The sin of breaking his parole sat very lightly on Tim's conscience, and his only present anxiety was to avoid being re-taken. At first he thought he would not return to Lima; then he remembered that he would forfeit his few possessions and his pay if he did not go back, though prudence and fear alike suggested that it would be well to hide until it was quite dark, when pursuit would be well nigh impossible. And meanwhile Walter is recovering from his swoon, and Castellaro alone is standing over him.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### "I DARE AND I WILL!"

Rather than not accomplish my revenge.  
Just or unjust, I would the world unbinge.

"So you have wished to see me—and we meet at last."

The speaker is Don Roderigo de Castellaro, and he addresses himself to our hero, who lies on his rude bed pale and suffering, weak and powerless as a new born babe, and with a dim hazy dreaminess upon his mind, the result of



the fever and the feeble condition it has left him in—a dreaminess which has the effect of making everything seem far away and unreal, to him producing the delusion that he is calmly contemplating some drama from a distance, and is himself taking no active part, and but little real interest, in it.

He looks at Castellaro with the same far off wonder upon him, for this man who has been in succession his mother's lover and his father's murderer, is very unlike the rude, if picturesque, ruffian he had imagined him, in his own mind, to be.

Castellaro, sometime bandit and now political agitator, was, unlike the ordinary Limerians, tall and powerful looking. His shoulders were broad, his whole frame was well knit and muscular; he inclined to be thin and wiry rather than stout, and though he was more than middle-aged, and his hair and moustache were iron-grey, there was an expression of fire and energy on his proud, handsome face, and a look of restless ambition in his hawk-like eye that at once destroyed any notion that the quick impetuosity of youth had left him.

Thus looking at his enemy, and believing he was doing it all in a dream, Walter, when the other paused for a reply, heard himself say "Yes," Castellaro spoke again:

"What do you want of me?" he asked; "you have not come from the home of your hated race to seek my friendship, I suppose?" mockingly.

"No," the young man seemed to hear himself reply. "I came to seek restitution and justice."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other; "restitution and justice, forsooth! Now by our lady this is wonderfully amusing. A boy comes to me from far away England to ask for restitution and justice. What would you have restored to you, pray?"

"The box containing my father's papers. Have you got it?"

"Yes, I have it," with a bitter laugh, "and you, none of you know its contents, do you?"

"No," sadly.

"Or who your father really was?"

"No."

"Ha! ha! my revenge has not been so incomplete after all. I should have slept more happily though these twenty years past had I been sure that the woman who jilted me for a white-livered Englishman had never enjoyed the wealth and rank he meant to give her."

Naturally Walter would have been indignant at this insulting reference to his parents, but the feeling that he was in a dream still hung closely over him, and Castellaro seemed so far away that the young man made no response to this outburst, indeed there seemed to be a blank for a short time, for consciousness left him, but he came back to the dream-like condition again to see his enemy bending over him.

"Try to rouse yourself and listen to me," said the Spaniard, and there was more haste and imperiousness in his tone than formerly.

By a faint inclination of the head Walter intimated that he was listening.

"You understand that I had a motive for sending for you. I meant you to be brought straight on to my house, but fever overtook you and my men left you here. Do you follow me? Now my plans are changed; your servant has escaped, he will probably return with an armed force. It does not suit me to be burdened with a sick man, with one who may die on my hands; so I shall leave you here, but whether I leave you alive or dead—do you understand?—whether I kill you with my own hand as I killed your father, or leave you here to be taken back to your friends, depends upon yourself."

Walter looked sleepily at the speaker. No bonds could have rendered him so utterly powerless as he then was, but though he was completely at his enemy's mercy, the fear of death was not upon him, and his blue eyes met unflinchingly the burning gaze that the other bent upon him.

"I swore to take your life when I heard of your birth," Castellaro continued meditatively;

"but hatred, like love, can die and find a grave. My revenge was slaked in the blood of my enemy and I only remember now, that you should have been my son, not his, if there had been truth in woman or honesty in man."

He turned away and paced the narrow apartment restlessly; the memories of the past were strong upon him. From this condition however a sound outside the room roused him and he sharply opened the door. A few words in Spanish, replied to in the same tongue, then he closed the door and returned to the side of the Englishman.

"Your life is in your own hands," he said, sternly. "I hate your nation and I have no cause to love you or your race, but if you give your word I believe I can trust it. You must swear to me now that you will not reveal how or by whose authority you were brought here, or let my name in connection with this night's work pass your lips; you must swear this, or you may make your peace with heaven quickly, for we have no priest here to shrive you."

Very steadily Walter looked at his enemy. Even now he did not fear him, but he knew that he meant what he said. It was a question of self-preservation. He must have Walter's oath or his life; and he was not quite certain that the latter would not suit his purpose best. In such a case, under such circumstances there could be no time or ground for hesitation, and Walter replied in as firm a tone as he could command, though still feeling as though he were acting in a dream:

"I accept the conditions; I promise."

"Swear it," and the Spaniard dictated a form of words by which Walter bound himself never to allude in any way to his interview with Castellaro, or to mention the name of that personage in connection with the outrage he had been subjected to; this oath being taken, Castellaro said:

"You must likewise swear to come to me wherever and whenever I send for you. Our meeting is but deferred. Will you promise this?"

"Why do you require it? Why was I brought here by violence. My motive for seeking you is clear enough, but why should you wish to meet me?"

"I mean to make a bargain with you, surely that will be reason enough for a trading Englishman. You shall marry a wife whom I will provide for you, and I will give you for her dower the papers which belonged to your father, and that will make you rich and noble. Now, do you agree?"

"No, I will select my own wife: indeed I have done so already."

The Spaniard's eyes blazed, his cheek flushed, the veins on his neck and forehead became full and stood out like thick cords; he grasped a small dagger in his right hand, and it seemed for the moment as though the life of the helpless man before him would be altogether too trifling to still or to satisfy his rage.

At that instant poor Walter's life did not seem to be worth one minute's purchase, for the hand that robbed his father of that most precious gift from heaven was raised to immolate the son, and had the sick man shown one sign of fear, the ready knife would have descended upon him without mercy. But he did not. He kept his eyes fixed upon those of his would-be assassin as he said:

"I have heard that Spaniards were cowards. I never realised how true it was till now. If I were not ill and weaker than a woman, you would not dare to raise your hand against me."

The taunt arrested Castellaro as no entreaty could have done. It stung him all the more keenly because he had always prided himself upon never having entered on a contest with a weak or inferior foe, and here he was threatening to slay with his own hand a sick man, who was weaker than an infant, and powerless to defend himself.

His passion at the prospect of being baffled had blinded him, and in the sudden revulsion of feeling he flung the dagger to a far corner of the room, and then, pale and stern, looked at his intended victim, and said

"You tell me I dare not raise my hand against you when you are strong and well, and I tell you that it is false, for I dare, and I will! Tell me that you will meet me at my own time and place when I send for you, and we will defer the settlement of our affairs till then."

"I will meet you," firmly. Then, with weary helplessness, he moaned, "Oh, that I were strong and well now!"

Castellaro smiled scornfully as he said:

"Your weakness is your only protection; but for this illness you would have had marriage or death to choose between. But we shall meet again."

He turned and left the room, and a few seconds later he was galloping away from the hut, attended by his followers, leaving our hero and the old Indian woman who had saved his life, behind and alone.

Who watched over him the young Englishman did not know, for scarcely was Castellaro gone from his bedside before he fell into a heavy sleep. Nature's great restorer, balmy sleep, closed his eyelids and wrapped his mind in the finely-spun web of temporary oblivion, and thus the excitement of his interview with Castellaro which might have proved injurious or fatal to his fevered and enfeebled brain, passed away, and even evil dreams ceased to visit him.

Once or twice someone whom he was not sufficiently awake to recognise managed to so far rouse him that some fluid was forced down his throat; but he had scarcely swallowed it before he again fell into his trance-like condition, and so the hours went on.

The day, which had just begun to dawn when Castellaro left him, reached its full glory, then faded and died away as all days do—whether days of sorrow or days of joy, days of sunshine or days of gloom. Night set in; a long, dark night, stormy and bitterly cold. Then morning dawned again, bright, rosy and beautiful as ever, and the patient stirred uneasily and began to moan and to make efforts to rise, and the woman who had watched and tended him so carefully looked out anxiously for the friends she had been told would come for her charge.

Her wish was gratified at last. As the second day is dying out, and the red sun seems ready to quench itself and be utterly lost in the distant western ocean, the tramp of many hoofs sound outside the hut, and the voice of Tim O'Grady, eager and excited, exclaims:

"Och! and by the blessed Vargin, and if it wasn't in this same hole of a pigsty I left him may I never drink again. Whisht now; aisy, boys, maybe the murtherin' cowards is inside the place and will give us a warmer welcome than we'd loike."

No heed was paid to this warning, however, for the Indian woman had rushed out and implored their aid for the English "sinner" who had been left with her ill and dying. Before she had finished speaking, Dick Marsden was by Walter's side, holding his hand, eagerly asking what was the matter with him, and how he felt.

"I don't know, Dick; I have had such strange dreams; but where am I?"

And he looked about the dimly-lighted room wondering.

"Never mind where you are," replied his cousin, cheerily; "you are coming home now. You have been ill—had a sharp attack of fever. Do you think you are strong enough to stand, old man?"

Dick and Tim tried to hold him up between them, but his legs doubled under him. There was nothing to be done, therefore, but to carry Walter. So they dressed him as well as they could, a litter was made, and the large party who had come to his rescue, taking it in turns, carried the sick man for some distance until they came to a solitary house where they were lucky enough to hire a light cart.

Into this he was lifted and very slowly and carefully conveyed back to Villa Roma. Here they put him to bed, a messenger was sent off to Lima for a physician, and the soldiers returned to their quarters somewhat mystified as to the meaning of this very singular adventure.

Dick, Quinto and Tim, all of them well armed, remained at the villa to guard poor Walter, but he was safe enough for the present and the doctor who was called to see him pronounced that the fever was gone, and that all the patient required was care and good nursing, while he recommended that in the course of a few days he should be taken to the seaside.

"Yes, we are all going to Chorrillos," said Dick, whose spirits rose considerably when he learnt that his cousin was out of danger; "you know," he volunteered for Walter's information, "we always migrate there in the summer. We have a rancho of our own, and manage to amuse ourselves considerably; we will soon have you strong again with bathing and sea breezes, and with Mary and me to nurse you."

Walter smiled feebly; but his thoughts flew off to Mary's half-sister Donna Inez, and he remembered his interview with Castellaro which, though it had seemed like a dream then, came back to his mind now with all the vivid distinctness of reality.

The settlement between himself and his father's murderer was but delayed. The alternative to be offered to him was marriage or death, and he had pledged himself to go and meet his enemy whenever he should send for him. What wonder that with these thoughts in his mind he was abstracted and silent, and that Dick Marsden, despite his own vivacity, found him but a dull companion and an absent listener.

As soon as he knew that Walter was safe, Mr. Marsden came out to Villa Rosa and began to make inquiries about the men who had forcibly entered the house and carried his nephew away, and talked of taking steps to punish the offenders. But here Walter was firm and decisive.

"I have taken an oath not to reveal the name of the author of the outrage, and the others were but his tools," the young man replied. "Having told you this in confidence, I am sure you will not press me for an explanation, or ask me any more questions on the subject."

Mr. Marsden shrugged his shoulders and was silent, feeling sure that Tim O'Grady would be able to enlighten him. But here again he was mistaken. Tim did not know Castellaro by sight, and the name of their chief had not been mentioned in his hearing by his followers. Still, though he was not told, Mr. Marsden guessed pretty accurately who his nephew's enemy really was, his only doubt on the subject being caused by the fact of Walter's life having been spared.

"I can't make it out," muttered the worthy banker—"can't understand it at all; but the sooner the boy is out of this country the better, for a time, at any rate. I must think of some place where I can send him and Dick on the pretext of business. Yes, that is what must be done."

But there was no necessity for that. Walter had business of his own to attend to, and meanwhile big Nell is intent upon showing her delight at the recovery of her master, and persistently refuses for a moment to lose sight of him.

(To be Continued.)

#### A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

ONE night in 1801 a little girl, about one year old, was deposited in the drawer of the foundling hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note, attached to her skirts, told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father. The claim was never made, however, and in due time the child was transferred to the orphan asylum, to be educated there. As she grew up she developed a most extraordinary beauty, but her intellect appeared to be very weak, and she suffered from frequent nervous fits. When she was twelve years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and her modesty attracted many

people's goodwill, but she grew weaker and weaker and at last she died.

According to French custom, she was buried in an open basket, and, as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave, only covered with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and, pushing the sand away, she crept out from this grave. Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened, but in crossing the glacia between the cemetery and the fortifications, she was suddenly stopped by the outcry, "Qui vive," and as she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground. Brought into the guard-house, her wound was found to be very slight, and she soon recovered, but her singular history and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison (Kramer) that he determined to be her protector, and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris.

During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war, but when in 1813 he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full-grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris. Meanwhile, investigations were made concerning the girl left in 1801 in the Foundling Hospital at Brest, and as these investigations were made by the Swedish Ambassador, and in a somewhat official manner, they attracted some attention. Captain Kramer heard about the affair, and sent a note to the Ambassador, and, a month later on, the Ambassador came in state to bring Mme. Kramer a formal acknowledgment from her father, the former Marshal Bernadotte, afterwards King Charles XIV. of Sweden.

Captain Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm; they were ennobled, &c., and their son has just now been appointed attaché to the Swedish Legation in Paris.

#### MY LOVE.

'Tis many a day, for my hair is grey,  
Since I and my love first met together,  
We've had our share of life's ups and  
downs,  
Its sunny smiles and its louring frowns,  
Summer and winter weather.

Many a night have our hearts been bright  
As we trod 'neath the moonlight's silven  
beauty,  
And many we've had, both drear and sad,  
A plentiful share of the good and bad  
To teach us life's stern duty.

But tho' years have passed, and life's wintry  
blast  
Has passed o'er our heads and left its  
frost,  
We're happier now in the calm old way,  
For every morn brings a brighter day  
With scarce a sigh for its cost.

And I love her best as I saw her first  
With the simple charm true love displays,  
With her high-neck'd frock and its quiet  
frill,  
And her gentle smile that shines on me  
still  
As it did in boyhoods days. O. P.

#### WHY MEN MARRY.

MAN is a domestic animal; that is, he is so spasmodically, and as the fit seizes him he wants a home to go to. Even the most inveterate smoker wishes sometimes to change his manilla for hock, gin, or, if his purse permits it, champagne, but the fact that he likes either, accord-

ing to his appetite, does not make him less provident in the procuring cigars, with the sparkling moselle coursing through his veins, or, vice versa, as the case may be, "taking a smile" even if he can't afford to keep the beverage in cases in his cellar.

I read lately: "A man cannot always be a lover, nor a woman a sweetheart." And that was written by a woman! Adorable creature! Wonder of her sex! Verily, the discoveries of scientists and logicians are outrivalled by the depth of thought, diligent study, and final lucid explanation and dogmatic assertion, which she makes with the courage of an Amazon.

I am not going to dispute her. Oh, no! It is not a subject for argument. I would as soon expect to prove the moon made of green cheese as that she is mistaken, and that "a man cannot always be a lover" is no truer than that a man cannot always be a husband. A man marries for the same motive as that so often attributed to their wives—to secure a home. I do not mean to say he will not purchase it, furnish it, and lay down the law for keeping it; but try as he will, and pay what he may, he cannot get a home in a boarding-house or hotel. "A man's country is where he is well off," says an old maxim; and a man's home is where he is at peace, say I—where he can put off company manners as he does his great coat or walking boots, and sit in profound sullen ill-nature—which he may call dignity if he chooses—resting from the fatigue of artificial life as one does in dressing-gown and slippers.

Man loves to rule; and though he may have the gratification of boxing his boot-black's ears, or railing at his valet, that is a mere molecule to the more gigantic pleasure of ruling a woman. We have our business, at which we may barter, our clubs, at which we may gossip, and our homes, at which we may do either, or both at will.

It has been so since the beginning of time, and I doubt not, will go on thus to eternity. Yet, with the multiplied examples of the whole race about them, women run right into our noose, believing—heaven knows why!—they are to be the exceptions on earth, perfectly happy; and are surprised that, our restless natures satiated with the nectar of a honeymoon's billing and cooing, we drop by degrees into our old ways, and go back to our old haunts, to find on our return the pretty eyes red with crying, and the roses we have pressed with kisses distorted with pouts, and hear the dulcet tones, harsh with up-braidings.

My dears, you should not disfigure yourselves by crying; tears are only becoming to heroines of romance; and by displaying your temper to your lord and master, you will never find it makes him neglect you less, but takes him to the club, the lodge, or "to see a man," oftener.

No human law can force you into marital harness. If you say "I won't!" even at the altar, no sacerdotal voice will lift itself to pronounce you husband and wife. But if you voluntarily pledge yourself to "love, honour, and obey," why should you presume to take the reins and drive yourselves? Our dispositions are our birthright, our tastes label us, as druggists label their nostrums. We are as we were born. Perhaps, in the elysium which promises to be eternal, everything will be righted, and if we have done you injustice, our freedom of thought, word and deed may be made to pay the penalty. But till then we know only the past and present. "As it was in the beginning, is now," so I think it will be.

Men marry only for themselves. If they say otherwise, the truth is not in them. If you can make your happiness in theirs, so much the better for you. Of what I write I know, for I am one of them. R. H.

THE valuable library of the Théâtre-Français, about 8,000 volumes, now stored in the attic of the theatre, will be placed in one of the rooms of the Palais-Royal, in order that the books may be more available to those who desire to examine them.



## NOVEL NUPTIALS.

A CURIOUS wedding was celebrated at Barnes a few days ago. The bride and bridegroom were members of the "Garden of Eden," of the order of Danielites, a society devoted to the practice of vegetarianism. The guests, as well as the bride and bridegroom, wore a pair of tassels on the left shoulder, as an outward and visible sign of their vegetarian principles, and after the ceremony the company partook of an excellent breakfast, consisting, in addition to a large and costly bridal cake, of greengages, pineapples, strawberries, gooseberries, cherries, melons, bananas, nuts, savoury vegetable pies, haricots, lentils, green peas, and numerous other savouries various fruit tarts and pies, biscuits, syrup of limes, lemonade, &c.

## SCIENCE.

## INTELLECT IN BRUTES.

In a communication to "Nature," Thomas B. Groves says: "Many years ago at Carne farmhouse, where relatives of mine were then living, the household cat was observed to enter a bedroom in course of being cleaned. The looking-glass being on the floor the cat on entering was confronted with its own reflection and naturally concluded that he saw before him a real intruder on his domain. Hostile demonstrations were the result, followed by a rush to the mirror, and then meeting an obstacle to his vengeance, a fruitless cut round to the rear. This manoeuvre was more than once repeated with of course equal lack of success. Finally the cat was seen to deliberately walk up to the looking-glass, keeping its eye on the image, and then when near enough to the edge, to feel carefully with one paw behind, for the supposed intruder, whilst with its head twisted round to the front it assured itself of the persistence of the reflection. The result of this experiment fully satisfied the cat that he had been the victim of delusion and never after would he condescend to notice mere reflections, though the trap was more than once laid for him."

## TELEGRAPHIC IGNITION.

THE telegraph wire as a fire risk has, perhaps not received the attention it is entitled to. During a thunderstorm which began at Council Bluffs, America, soon after 11 o'clock, on the night of June 10, the freight office and warehouses building of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company was burned to the ground, though most of the contents were saved. It was supposed that the fire was caused by a heavy charge of electricity entering the building along the telegraph wires. Probably all this loss would have been prevented had the ordinary lightning arrester been provided upon the posts near the building. The arrester is simply a wire that has one extremity placed very near but not in contact with the telegraph wire. The other extremity of the arrester terminates in the ground. When lightning gets on the telegraph wire it leaps to the arrester wire and passes into the ground.

## HARD v. SOFT WATER.

It may be pleasant to those who live in a region of our country where nothing but hard water is to be had, to be informed, on good authority, of the results of some observations on the use of hard water for culinary and domestic purposes:

- (1) Hard water is the best dietically, because of the lime.
- (2) It makes better tea, although not so dark coloured, owing to the fact that soft water dissolves the bitter extractive matters which colour the tea, but ruin the aroma.

(3) It relieves thirst, which soft water does not.

(4) It does not dissolve lead or organic matter, which soft water does.

(5) It is generally good coloured, soft water being as a rule dark coloured and unpleasant looking; hence, in places like Manchester, supplied with soft water, they always put it (in hotels) in dark bottles, to hide the colour. A soft water, however, is a better detergent, and requires less soap. For a residential town a water which has over ten degrees of hardness would be best. For manufacturing towns a soft water would be the most advisable, for commercial considerations only.

## LIFETIME OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

THE iron horse does not last much longer than the horse of flesh and bones. The ordinary life of a locomotive is thirty years. Some of the smaller parts require renewal every six months; the boiler tubes last five years, and the crank axles six years; tires, boilers, and fire boxes from six to seven years; the side frames, axles, and other parts, thirty years. An important advantage is that a broken part can be repaired, and does not condemn the whole locomotive to the junk shop; while, when a horse breaks a leg, the whole animal is only worth the flesh, fat, and bones, which amount to a very small sum in this country, where horse flesh does not find its way to the butcher's shambles.

## TEMPTING TRAMPS AND BURGLARS.

WE are far from having the least disposition when it comes to punishing tramps and burglars, to consider the temptations set before them as extenuating circumstances. Yet, after all, when we read of an old lady living entirely alone, in a village a few miles from the city, and keeping hundreds of pounds and other valuables in her house, we cannot help deploring the foolhardiness which spreads such a temptation before thieves and robbers who are anxious to be tempted in just that way.

## FRANK HARTLEY;

—OR—

## LOVE'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Old Rufford's Money," "Vincent Luttrell," "A Fight for Freedom," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ABRAHAM'S VISIT.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,  
So, 'neath his smooth outside, he hides his  
treason—

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb;  
Believe me, sirs, this fawning friend's a man  
Unsounded yet and full of deep deceit. HENRY VI.

THE evening of the day of the funeral was closing in, and the three friends, Reginald Hartley, the doctor, and the vicar, were sadly and seriously discussing the prospects of the bereaved family, and proposing to do the best for the widow and orphan, when their number received an unexpected addition.

A strong country gig, drawn by a stout horse, drove up to the farm gates. In it were two stout men; the one Abraham Morris, to whom the reader has been already introduced, the other his "follower," or "broker's man." They alighted at the door, and Mr. Morris, having bidden his attendant to "mind the horse," bowed himself into the half-lighted parlour. Persons were but indistinctly visible, so Mr. Morris thus delivered himself:

"Beg pardon, gentlemen, but if it's not in-

truding, I've taken an early opportunity to come over just to have a little confidential talk with the widow Greenfield about some family matters—the scoundrel knew every incident of the unhappy woman's position—but if it's too soon I'll postpone my visit till to-morrow or next day."

"Mrs. Greenfield is incapable of all conversation on family or any other affairs," said the doctor, sharply. "She is now in a lunatic asylum!"

"Indeed! how shocking! When did this happen, doctor? I heard of the dreadful accident, and—"

"The dreadful murder, if you please, Mr. Morris!" broke in Reginald, abruptly, for he felt a sort of angry disgust at the man.

"Well, so the jury seemed to think," said Abraham Morris. "Ah, Mr. Hartley, I did not recognise you, the room is so dark and everybody so black. It is indeed a very sad business. And his family, I'm afraid, badly provided for."

"Have you come to assist them in their distress?" interposed Doctor Wilson, tartly, for he too knew Abraham Morris well, and instinctively disliked him and his trade.

"I did not say I had come for that special purpose; but notwithstanding your sneer, doctor, maybe I have more power to do that than most people." And the broker grinned defiantly.

"May I ask the purpose of your visit?" enquired the vicar, mildly.

"Oh, certainly, reverend sir. I thought I had already announced it. I had hoped Mrs. Greenfield might have been well enough to see me. Her daughter, I believe, is yet a minor. I do not know any other of his next-of-kin, reverend sir, but perhaps you can assist me by informing me."

"I do not," replied the vicar; "but surely you can have no business so pressing as to necessitate its discussion on the very day of the funeral."

"I have not insisted on its being so, reverend sir," said the man, with assumed politeness. "On the contrary, I merely asked to see the person I thought most interested in the business I came upon. That being out of the question, may I ask if either of you gentlemen is an executor, or who will prove the will and administer the estate?"

"As we do not as yet know the terms of his will, nor who are the executors, we cannot answer your question," said the doctor, with asperity, "nor do I know if I would answer it if I could. You asked if you intruded? At present I feel, and no doubt my friends here feel also, that you are intruding at a very serious and melancholy moment, when those who loved the deceased in life and mourn him in death, are consulting how best to console those who come nearest and dearest to him. You may retire, sir."

"Pray don't take offence, good doctor, where none's meant," replied Morris. "I shall retire when it suits me. If either of you possess authority better than mine you can produce it. I have with me in my chaise the lease of Greenfield Farm, which will expire in three years from this time, and which is the property of a client of mine for money advances made long ago. And very bad security it is, considering how nearly it is run out. My client has never pressed hardly upon poor Mr. John, knowing his losses; but I've a duty to perform to those who trust their business to me. It's as well in these matters to speak plain, that there may be no mistake: either these advances must be paid off by the sale of the farm and stock, or one or two of you gentlemen can stop the sale by giving security, or making a money advance."

Astonishment at the fellow's speech kept all silent for a few seconds. Reginald Hartley was almost choked with indignation.

"Is not this a strange time," interposed the vicar, mildly, "to moot these matters, Mr. Morris? Might not opportunity be allowed for the friends of the deceased—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Onslow," said the doctor, rising. "Mr. Morris, I told you you were

intruding, and I repeat it. Meet me and Mr Hartley to-morrow where you please, and we will keep the appointment. I doubt not the money can be found to discharge your claim. Again I tell, you you may retire; your presence interrupts our conversation, which we desire to be private."

"Oh, that is at your option, doctor; but I'm not used to be ordered out of a place by persons who have no authority when the law will uphold my entry, and even my abiding here. It is, however, never my habit to act harshly or violently. There is no need of temper in such affairs. I shall retire from this room, but in virtue of an execution for eleven hundred pounds, sued out by my client against the estate of John Greenfield, his heirs, executors, or representatives, I shall leave my man here in possession to-night with the necessary document, of which I here hold the original. Of course I shall be happy to meet you and any friends of the family with a view to the settlement of his claim and my expenses. Good evening, gentlemen, good evening. Step here, Gripper, step here. I want you to go over the house just to verify my inventory; we'll go over the farm to-morrow."

Abraham Morris touched his hat with affected politeness, backed out of the room, and closed the door. None of the three friends spoke for some minutes, so deeply were they affected by the shock. They listened gloomily and silently as the heavy tread of the broker and his follower traversed the passages, and sounded on the floors of the upper rooms. A sudden thought struck Reginald.

"The ruffian will hardly intrude himself on Mary's privacy," exclaimed he, and instantly strode from the apartment and ascended the stairs.

Abraham Morris and his man were on the landing.

"By your leave, sir," said the Captain, interposing between the men and a door at which they were about to knock for admission.

"Really," said Abraham Morris, with subservient civility; "really, Mr. Hartley, you judge me wrongly, if you think I desire to intrude on Miss Greenfield's chamber. This is her room then? Very good. Gripper, you will observe this is Miss Greenfield's room and—"

"Stand aside, fellow!" returned Reginald, "stand aside, or I may lose my temper. Mary, dear, Miss Greenfield, come down to your friends. This is no place for you."

This speech was accompanied by a thrust of the elbow, which sent Mr. Gripper staggering against the opposite side of the passage.

"You witness that, master; you see this gentleman 'salt me in my lawful duty," gasped Gripper, judiciously getting out of the reach of the irate captain.

"Really, Captain," said Abraham Morris, blandly, "this is very unseemly to assault an officer in the execution of his—"

At this moment poor Mary came out of her room, and Reginald Hartley, tenderly taking her by the arm, led the weeping girl downstairs, darting a fierce look at the discomfited Mr. Gripper and his master. Abraham Morris laughed.

"That's as good as a five-pound note to you, Gripper, so soon as he gets served with a slip by Snap and Slowman. I'll advance the ex's (expenses), Gripper, and we'll halve the five. It's just as I wanted it. He'll carry off the girl to the Leasowes, and you'll have the house to yourself. Capital! We'll just step into the room though, and book the articles in the regular way. And, mind ye, Grip, if Miss Greenfield, or Mr. Hartley, or any particular friend wants anything out of this room after I've gone over it, any little nick-nack or the like, you just say your master left word they were to have it, with his respectful compliments. Ha, ha! and mind you're civil, Grip; smooth words cost nothing, Grip, eh? But we'll make the captain shew out, for all that."

The two scoundrels continued and completed their inventory, but before they had done they had the satisfaction of seeing Reginald Hartley's

vehicle at the door, and watched from an upper window poor Mary handed in with many affectionate good-byes and loving farewells from the vicar and Doctor Wilson.

"It strikes me I shall shortly have business at the Leasowes, my gallant captain," said Abraham Morris, viciously, as the chaise disappeared from view, and the parson and doctor walked slowly from the gate in earnest conversation.

Nor was it long ere Abraham Morris paid his threatened visit to the Leasowes. He did not, however, come unannounced. A letter from Snap and Slowman, intimating that "they had been instructed by their client, Mr. Nathaniel Gripper, to take steps for the recovery of damages for an assault and battery committed on the person of said Nathaniel on the —th day of—, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seven, at a place known as Greenfield Farm, the said plaintiff being at that time in the execution of his lawful duty as a sworn bailiff and officer of the Sheriff of York."

What followed, however, was still more surprising to Reginald Hartley, inasmuch as it set forth "that he, the defendant, did on the day abovenamed, with divers lawless and evil-disposed persons, riotously and by force of arms hinder and prevent a lawful levy by the sheriff and the said Nathaniel Gripper, on the goods and chattels of one John Greenfield deceased, and also attempt a rescue thereof, against the peace of our most Gracious Sovereign and Lord the King, his crown and dignity."

There was more of this jargon, in which it was stated that the plaintiff "prayed judgment in the premises," and then, turning from the notice to the letter, Reginald Hartley read:

"You will perceive, sir, the very peculiar position in which you have placed yourself by your violence towards our client, an officer of the law. Acting, however, on the instruction of our client, and upon the friendly mediation of Mr. Abraham Morris, a principal witness in the case, we are empowered to offer, without prejudice to any future proceeding which may be taken, to stay the present action on receiving the moderate sum of fifty pounds, as and for liquidated damages, and the payment of our costs in this matter. We are, sir, your obedient servants."

"SNAP AND SLOWMAN,

"Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

"In re Gripper agt. Hartley.

"P.S.—We shall be obliged if you will favour us with the name of your attorney.

"SNAP AND SLOWMAN."

Reginald Hartley rubbed his spectacles, laid them down, took them up again, and re-read the precious document.

"I'm sorry I didn't kick that scoundrel downstairs, or throw him out of the window, it couldn't have cost much more. 'Force of arms,' lawless and riotous and evil-disposed persons,' I suppose that means the Vicar and Doctor Wilson, for there was nobody else there. Well, if it wasn't for the expense they put a man to these lawyers are comical fellows. It's rather provoking, though, to pay fifty pounds for a push that would have hardly smashed an egg."

Reginald Hartley took up the large torn envelope which had contained the notice of action, when another letter dropped from the inside.

"More of it," said he with a bitter laugh. To me also," and he read:

"York, Dec. 23, 1907.

"MR. REGINALD HARTLEY,—

"My dear Sir—I beg to remind you that the bill for two hundred and fifty pounds, which I got discounted for you, fell due and was duly honoured by the acceptor on presentation on the 13th ult. Seven weeks having since elapsed, and the first instalment of the interest on your mortgage falling due in the first week in January, I shall be obliged by your forwarding the same (ninety pounds) at your earliest

convenience. Should you, however, require an extension of time for payment, I shall be ready to accommodate you, if you will call at my office, or make an appointment for my calling on you. Enclosed you will find an acceptance for three hundred pounds, by the same Mr. Murgatroyd, which I presume will be as good as cash for your purposes, and which will meet the third advance, to be made in January, according to our agreement when last I had the pleasure of meeting you at York. Yours faithfully,

"ABRAHAM MORRIS.

"P.S.—I have mediated, as a friend, in that unlucky affair of Gripper's, and trust you will appreciate my motives. Between ourselves—this is in confidence—I think I can 'square' the plaintiff, without the lawyers, for less than the fifty he asks, though he's an obstinate fellow.—Yours sincerely, A. M."

"I'd like to square the pair of rascals with a rope's end," muttered the Captain; "but what does he mean by ninety pounds due for half a year's interest according to an agreement, when I haven't got quite half of the money yet. He'll give me an extension of time too! and then here's another of those confounded promises to pay that always keep me in a worry till they're done with by performing the promise. Let me see, drawn by Thompson, Millikin and Co., Wakefield—don't know 'em—on Murgatroyd and Co., of London, due in February next. This may be business, but I don't like the way of doing it. And Morris hasn't endorsed it either! I'll send it back to him. No I won't, I'll keep it till he comes, and write him so. The money does me no good in these dribblets. Heigho! has it come to this, Reginald, and are you indeed that empty sack which, as poor Richard says, it is hard to stand upright!"

He fell into a painful reverie, from which he was aroused by the sweet voice of Mary Greenfield, who soothingly said:

"Dear father Hartley, for so I must call you, those papers have sadly troubled you. Alas! I am afraid that I have some share in causing your affliction. That man Morris, I know not why, always inspires me with dread. My poor father distrusted him and detested him, yet he so wormed himself into my father's affairs, that in spite of himself he employed and trusted him."

"Even so, my dear girl, even so; and it is he who is now the instrument of your ruin and the sale of your father's property. Good Doctor Wilson, the vicar, and I have examined the parchments under which he exercises his power, and find ourselves unable to stare off the ruin. My dear child, for so your misfortunes have made you to me, I will conceal nothing from you. I too am in the power of this man; for the first time in a long life, my dear Mary, I feel that I have lost my independence and am the bond-slave of a creditor. In an evil hour I sought a brother's assistance; he refused me, and I became the debtor of this man for a large sum, so large that I cannot help to extricate myself, but must, I fear, plunge deeper and deeper until ruin overwhelms me. Listen, my dear child, to my resolve. I can no longer hope to leave this farm and its surroundings to my dear son Frank, and—and—yourself, Mary."

The poor girl, overpowered by emotion, threw herself on her knees before the speaker, and seizing his hands burst into a passion of tears.

"Think not of me—oh pray, dear father, think not of me. I am young, I can work for myself and for you, and with Frank—"

Reginald Hartley forced a smile and imprinted a paternal kiss on her fair forehead.

"Listen, little daughter," said he; "you may have occasion to do what you say, so far as you and my brave boy Frank are concerned, but for me I have made up my mind: I will sell up the Leasowes myself, no other man shall do that for me. I will pay back the money I have borrowed, and I will retire to a small cottage I have near Hull. There will be a balance sufficient to pay all my outstanding debts, and leave a surplus to meet my modest wants for the short span of life which—"



Again poor Mary interrupted the old man with sobs and irrepressible tears.

"Nay, nay, Mary, this is my only honourable course, and my firm resolve. To-morrow, if possible, I will go over to my old friend, Lawyer Lovel; he will advise me for the best, for I am not good at the chicanery of the law. Dry your eyes, Mary dear, dry your eyes. The darkest watch, as we sailors say, is that before sunrise. In that humble cottage, endeared to me by many recollections of childhood, I will end my days, I hope in peace with all men, owing no men aught, and daring to look all men in the face."

Once more the brave old Captain kissed and comforted "his daughter," bidding her "be of good cheer, as a sailor's wife ought to be."

## CHAPTER V.

In honest things  
I have, perhaps, some shallow gifts of judgment;  
But in these nice sharp quills of the law—  
Good faith! I am no wiser than a daw.

EARLY in the new year Reginald Hartley had consulted with Mr. Lovel on his plans for extricating himself from his difficulties, and the good lawyer finding him firmly resolved to give up farming, for which Mr. Lovel quite agreed he was not well fitted, offered his assistance.

The reader will remember, that in our opening chapter we found Mr. Lovel consulting a will of a date somewhat earlier than the events we are now recording.

Reginald Hartley's difficulties now thickened about him. He called on Messrs. Snap and Slowman, and gave them notice of his intention to sell the Leasowes and redeem the mortgage.

The head of the firm talked as enigmatically as a sphinx. Of course Mr. Hartley could pursue his own method of releasing himself from his obligation, but it was certainly the most extraordinary course, he, Mr. Snap, had heard of in his long professional experience. Had he consulted Mr. Lovel?

Reginald Hartley replied that he had done so.

"Ahem! had Mr. Lovel perused the draft of the mortgage?"

Reginald did not think he had ever seen it.

"Then, excuse me, Mr. Hartley, for saying, with every respect for your excellent legal adviser, that he had better be furnished with an attested copy. I think that it is not in your power—I say this with reserve, as I have not the original before me—to deal in any way with the Leasowes until the mortgage is satisfied in full."

"That is my intention," said Reginald.

"Oh, doubtless; but you are making the sale a condition precedent, my good sir, whereas the mortgagee has to consent to that course of proceeding. Mind, I don't say he would not; for this is merely a conversation, without prejudice, my dear sir, to any future proceedings in the case."

Reginald Hartley was puzzled.

"I would advise you, my dear sir, as a friend, to reconsider your position. It will take a few days, perhaps a week, for us to communicate with Mr. Lovel, and furnish him with the necessary papers, which I need not say will be necessarily attended with some expenses. These we cannot charge to our client, as they will be incurred at your request. Think it over, think it over, Mr. Hartley; take counsel of prudence. It is mere waste of time and money to execute deeds and then seek to annul and revoke them, which, by-the-by, is very often impossible without the consent of all parties can be obtained."

"Nevertheless," said the captain, firmly. "I have made up my mind to sell off the farm and pay back the money I have had to the uttermost farthing. And of that I now give you notice."

"Very good, very good, my dear sir; but this is not legal. And allow me to tell you—"

Here Mr. Snap applied his lips to the time-stained ivory mouthpiece of the speaking pipe. Mr. Nobbs appeared.

"This gentleman, Mr. Hartley, whom you have seen before, desires inspection of the mortgage-deed of Hartley and Morris; make a memorandum of that, Mr. Nobbs, in the diary. I am really, my dear sir, acting in this matter, as I may say, ultra vires, as an attorney—merely with the view of preventing you from involving yourself by taking an erroneous view of your position. Ah! here is the deed."

For ten minutes Mr. Snap affected to read with care, passing his forefinger along the lines, then skipping half a page and turning over a slim with an immense amount of crackling which irritated the Captain intolerably.

At length he came to the last side, folded and tied the document.

"Yes, Mr. Hartley, I thought my memory served me upon one or two covenants which will prevent the very imprudent step upon which you seem bent."

Mr. Snap always oiled his razor before he cut a man's throat.

"Impudently, I find it covenanted that you shall not sell, lease, convey, or raise any further sum of money on the estate described in the mortgage without the consent in writing of the mortgagee first had and obtained. Nothing unusual in that, Mr. Hartley; it is a necessary and customary safeguard for the lender."

Reginald Hartley listened in amazed silence, while Mr. Snap in the same agreeable tone went on:

"Secondly, there is, I find, an express clause by which you are prevented from in any way dealing with the profits, proceeds and produce of the said farm while the interest or instalments of the mortgage, or any part of the said interest or instalments, shall be due and owing to the mortgagee. And thirdly, should the mortgagee consent to such sale of the property, it shall take place at such time and place and under such conditions as he shall approve. So you see, my dear sir, that the sale you propose is not practicable under the covenants of the deed."

"And do you tell me that these conditions are in the deed that I signed in this room, and that you read over to me?"

"Exactly so, my dear sir. If you remember, I expressly desired your attention while I read it. It is to be regretted, if you found anything objectionable therein, that you did not then and there decline to append your signature, in witness of your solemn consent to all it contains. Had you not better see Mr. Morris before you take any steps which may lead to litigation and further expense?" asked Mr. Snap, with a cool indifference that broke down Reginald Hartley's last barrier of patience.

"I'll see Mr. Morris, and my brother, and all the — I beg pardon of myself," added the Captain, "for my loss of temper, when I only, and my own folly and imprudence, are to blame. I will say good day, Mr. Snap, and if there is no law to release a man from obligations into which he never intended to enter, and into which he has been innocently entrapped, I must grin and bear it. But if there is a remedy I will seek and obtain it, though I spend my last guinea in the trial."

Mr. Snap bowed his head coolly and courteously as the victim thus imprudently and impetuously poured forth his indignation. He was not in the least disconcerted, but covering the hand of steel with the velvet glove, as was his practice, he slowly said, with the air of an injured man:

"If, sir, you intend to imply by the words you used at the opening of what I must call your intemperate speech, that I, or the firm of which I am the head, have introduced, or are capable of introducing, into any document we may prepare, or have prepared, words that are beyond the instructions of our clients, or that are unusual in their conditions or construction, or that depart from approved precedents, I must tell you, though I would willingly overlook expressions uttered incautiously or in heat of passion, that such words are slander—yes, sir, libellous and slanderous—and must be retracted, or the legal remedy for clearing our professional character will be certainly sought."

Once more the ivory mouthpiece was caught up, and Mr. Nobbs made his instantaneous appearance.

"Mr. Nobbs, I may want somebody to speak to a serious charge which this gentleman has thought proper to bring against two of our clients, and also to include myself and our firm—"

"Perhaps, Mr. Hartley—"

But the Captain had time to see the net prepared for him by the cunning old fowler. He caught up his hat, and almost mimicking the style of the lawyer, said:

"Really, Mr. Nobbs, if that's your name, I must decline discussing the conduct of your employer, or of anyone else, unless I also am allowed the benefit of a witness. I, therefore, bid you, Mr. Nobbs, a good morning. Good morning, Mr. Nobbs;" and Reginald Hartley bowed himself out of the door.

Mr. Nobbs also retired without saying one word.

"He! he! he!" sniggered Mr. Snap. "Another proof of the proverb that a man in a passion has the worst of the argument. I'll send the attested copy though to Lawyer Lovel, as requested, and a little bill with it, and see what he can make of it. There's another clause in it that I did not recite to him, that will cover all the rest. The mortgagee, should he desire to redeem, shall give twelve months' notice of the same. He! he! he! What a passion the old sailor was in to be sure. Let them laugh that win."

The lawyer penned a letter to Abraham Morris, shortly stating the fact that Reginald Hartley had called on him, and intended selling the Leasowes, and paying back the money had on mortgage.

"The deuce he does!" exclaimed the money-lender; "there were more than two words to making that bargain, my fine fellow, and it will take more than two hundred to declare it off, or my name's not Abraham Morris. I'll step round to Snap's and I'll circulate a bit of news that will give old Hartley something else to think of than selling the Leasowes. Here it is. I'll drop the paragraph in the post for the 'Hull Advertiser,' and if it goes in on Saturday, why then I'll post the captain a copy on Monday."

And Abraham Morris carefully read over a slip of paper, whereon was written in a disguised hand.

"THERE was a rumour in Dundee yesterday that a detained whaler had arrived from the North Sea, and brought a report from some Esquimaux, who visited their ship while ice-bound, to the effect that a number of white men were wintering in ice-huts far away to the north-west; that many of them had died last year, and that their ship being lost, there was little chance of their ever reaching open water. It is feared that these castaways are part of the brave crew of the 'North Star,' Arctic Discovery Ship."

"I wonder if this will soften pretty Mary Greenfield's heart," said Morris, maliciously, as he dropped the missive directed to "The Editor," into the post-office box.

Mr. Abraham Morris's next business, after an interview with Lawyer Snap, wherein he became exactly acquainted with the particulars of the Captain's visit and its result, was to ascertain the whereabouts of his debtor. He soon found that Reginald had not set out for home, but had driven off in an entirely different direction; in fact had gone to the little town of Stourton, where resided good Mr. Lovel, which, as the reader already knows, is situate some ten miles from York.

He at once concluded that this would be a favourable opportunity for his visit to the Leasowes, so lost no time in starting on a stout farming cob, which he usually rode when he went single-handed about his own private affairs.



[LIMBS OF THE LAW.]

The ground was soon covered, and by the time that Reginald Hartley had poured his troubles into the sympathising ears of his legal adviser, the wily Abraham had availed himself of a clear coast for his visit to Mary Greenfield.

Courteously, so far as his rude nature would admit, he inquired at the farm, first for Mr. Hartley, whom he well knew was not there; then, after some expressions of regret at his absence, he asked after the health of Mrs. Prothero, the housekeeper. His satisfaction was great when the reply was, that she had gone to the town and could not possibly be back until evening. Hence there was the desired opportunity.

"And Miss Greenfield?"

"Is in the parlour."

"Alone?"

"Yes, quite alone."

"Thank you, thank you," said Morris.

And without further ceremony he passed the slipshod servant-wench, and tapping at the door of the apartment, was bidden to "come in."

"Ah, Miss Greenfield, your humble servant. I hope I do not interrupt you. Pray go on with your knitting."

Mary had laid down her worsted and needles on his entering.

"I find, to my disappointment, that Mr. Hartley is from home. Do you expect him shortly?"

Mary's colour went and came. She felt as if some serpent or foul thing of evil had suddenly darted into her presence, and as if she, the victim, were already within the folds of its deadly embrace, exposed to the steam of its poisonous breath, and under the influence of its deadly venom. She replied not. An instinctive loathing possessed her, and she remained tongue-tied while the man went on, without noticing her emotion:

"I have called, as a friend, to see whether I can be of any service to Mr. Hartley in an unpleasant difficulty, which you, Miss Greenfield,

are partly concerned in, and of which, I suppose, you are aware."

Mary had never heard a word of it.

"If Mr. Hartley, to whom it may be of serious consequence, has not made you acquainted with it, I had better do so, for it is upon this proceeding that I have come here to-day. When my man and myself were at your late residence in the performance of an unpleasant duty, Mr. Hartley, in a moment of irritation, and certainly without provocation, thought proper to assault the officer of the sheriff. Of course, a young lady can hardly understand the consequences of such an imprudent act."

Mary began to listen with eager anxiety. Peril to her dear protector was more than injury to herself.

"It is, dear madame—" Mary started—"to save good Mr. Hartley from the too certain expenses, and very probably an imprisonment in a gaol, that I have, at some inconvenience to myself, rode over this day. Proceedings have already been taken, and I have interposed, but, I regret to say, I can no longer procure delay."

Mary at length found her voice.

"Does Mr. Hartley know of his danger?"

"I am afraid not, otherwise he would not treat the process of the court with contempt. He has taken no notice of the plaintiff's proceedings; has entered no appearance; has made no reply to my proposal to carry out a compromise for a small money payment, and now stands in the position of having judgment signed against him in the undefended action, in which case, excuse me, dear madame, for these terrible details, there will be nothing but the question of a sheriff's jury to assess damages, which may be ruinous, and good Mr. Hartley may become the inmate of a gaol. To prevent this, madame, is the sole cause of my visit this day."

"And what is the sum this man will take to stop all this?" asked the simple girl, losing all her own fears in the danger that threatened her benefactor.

"Alas! madame," whined the hypocrite; "if the difficulty could have been settled by putting down such a small sum as might have been taken when I first made overtures in the matter, I would, having Mr. Hartley's authority, have willingly paid it myself, but I had none. I therefore supposed that Mr. Hartley had decided to defend himself in the usual way, and that Mr. Lovel, his legal adviser, had taken the necessary steps."

"I do not think he has seen Mr. Lovel for several weeks, or perhaps months," faltered Mary; "but he has gone over to him, I believe, this very day. It is not too late, I hope."

"I fear it is, my dear madame. This very morning I called upon the plaintiff, in the hope of serving Mr. Hartley. Judge my surprise when the man told me that he had called Mr. Hartley in court, proved service of the notices, and that judgment was given against Mr. Hartley for the assault, as an undefended case. He is, therefore, indeed too late, and unless I, or himself, can make peace with the man, who, is, I may say, both obstinate and revengeful, the consequences may be more serious than can at present be calculated."

"Is there nothing then that can be done—nothing I can do to avert this danger?"

"My good young lady, it was to Mr. Hartley my visit was intended. Yet I am not sorry that his accidental absence has given me the opportunity of a conversation with a lady whose opinion of me has been formed under very unfavourable circumstances. If any service can be rendered by me to you in another matter wherein I am only the agent of the law, I shall be happy to do it. For example, is there anything in your former home, any family relic, picture, articles of furniture, or the like? Name them, and they shall be sent on. You will find, should you have further acquaintance with him, that Abraham Morris is not the man that prejudice and his enemies have represented him."

(To be Continued.)





[ADRIPT.]

# CLARICE VILLIERS;

OR,

## WHAT LOVE FEARED.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### A FRIEND AT NEED.

My whole soul waiting silently,  
All naked in a sultry sky;  
Droops blinded with his shining eye;  
I will possess him or will die.  
I will grow round him in his place,  
Grow, live, die looking on his face,  
Die, dying clasped in his embrace.

Tennyson.

ARICIA fully realised her peril. In her childhood she had learned to look at this misshapen unit of humanity with trust and almost affection. Rough and misanthropical as Lambourne had ever been, whatever softness there was in the man's nature had been displayed towards the lonely child.

He it was who had made her rough toys from the scanty materials at his command. For her he had climbed to the ringdove's nest and brought the delighted girl the callow birds to be trained as playmate pets. Most of Aricia's pleasant memories of the past were connected with services rendered by this man, from whom she now shrank in terror, undefined but not the less real and painful.

It had not escaped the girl's notice that for some considerable time past the manner of Lambourne towards her had changed. The first symptom of such altered mood was shown by the dwarf's avoidance of her, and his apparently sullen silence when she addressed him.

This change was about coincident with Aricia's rencontre with Lord Redmond, and, engrossed with that meeting and its results, Aricia paid scant attention to a matter so trivial as the

behaviour of her mother's henchman. Had she done so she would have detected much which might have excited her suspicion, perhaps alarm, some time before.

And if, farther, she could have listened to the strange soliloquies with which the malformed servant lightened his hours of solitude—could have heard her own name muttered in all intervals of the gamut of passion, with wild laughter, with savage imprecations, with uncouth sobs, Aricia could scarcely have doubted that she had unconsciously excited in the dwarf's mind sentiments which however absurd were not the less dangerous.

As she confronted Lambourne now, as she looked, with a desperate courage, into his gleaming eyes, and heard his incoherent and insolent words of endearment with a shrinking pain, Aricia reproached herself for neglecting to notice indications which should have been palpable and thus have avoided a crisis like that in which she found herself placed.

As Lambourne shambled across the room towards her, the girl extended her hand, and said, in a tone of command, through which a tremor of fear was plainly audible:

"Go away, Til! I do not want you. Go to your own place."

"Na, na, Miss 'Ricia, not I. I be coom to sit wi' ye, to talk wi' ye, and p'raps," and he laughed wildly, "to kiss ye!"

As he lurched towards her, Aricia, in great terror and still greater disgust, sprang aside.

"Are you mad, Lambourne?" she cried, with an attempt at stern command, which her pale, scared face effectually belied. "Mother shall hear of your misbehaviour if you do not immediately leave the house."

"Ho! ho! but madame bean't here, Miss 'Ricia. When ye was a little gal you didn't mind kissing old Til and now ye be a pretty woman old Til will return th' compellent."

The girl looked round despairingly. Was it possible to escape and secure herself from the drunken ruffian? she thought. She was fleet of foot and if she had the start might surely gain

some place of refuge. But where? Save the external door, all the keys of the rooms were in her mother's keeping.

For a moment the idea that she might reach her own chamber and barricade the door flashed across the girl's mind. But the notion was at once dismissed. The scanty furniture of her room was insufficient for an effective or enduring barrier. Beside that room had no second means of exit, and once there Aricia would be as it were in a trap. No, she must escape from the Folly altogether and at whatever risk.

Possessed by this thought Aricia made a sudden spring to elude Lambourne and gain the door which led towards the corridor running to the external entrance of the mansion.

She had miscalculated her own agility and the degree of the dwarf's inebriation. He leaped forward to intercept her with a savage howland caught one of the girl's slender wrists in his great hairy paw. With the contact all symptoms of respect or consideration for his mistress's daughter seemed to have fled the dwarf's besotted brain.

"I've got ye now, 'Ricia," he growled, with a horrible grin. "I've got ye, and mean to keep ye, my pretty little dear. An' I'll have the kisses now, and plenty of 'em."

As he spoke he placed his disengaged hand behind the girl's slender shoulders and drew her face down towards his own distorted countenance with a force irresistible and brutal. Then the remnant of the girl's courage and self-command forsook her. The lofty room reverberated to her piercing shrieks, and she struggled frantically with her free hand to repulse her captor.

The girl's fierce but futile efforts, the vivid horror and repugnance written on her pale, drawn face, seemed to cause Lambourne a pleasurable excitement, which he was desirous of prolonging. Inch by inch he brought her face nearer to his own grinning visage. The hot breath, redolent of alcohol, which issued from his open cavernous mouth smote her with suffocating force.

"Ho! ho!" he shouted. "My little bird is

shy and wants to get away! No! no! That bea'n't my plan. How many kisses shall we have now? Tell 'ee what," he continued, with sudden fierceness, "I'll ha' twice as many nor t'other one. I've hid up and seen him take 'em—ay, an' I've counted 'em—*count him!* I've counted 'em and kept the count."

Even in her terror Aricia could not misinterpret the allusion. It was clear that the dwarf had played the spy upon the girl's interviews with Lord Redmond. Her indignation at this knowledge brought back in part both courage and resource.

The disengaged hand with which she was striving to push back the dwarf encountered a large hard object in the *least* of the loose guernsey which formed Lambourne's upper garment. With some vague hope, the girl clutched it and drew it forth. It was a black bottle and partially full.

In her passionate indignation and fear, and hardly knowing what she did, Aricia lifted the weapon high above her head and brought it down heavily on Lambourne's forehead. With an inarticulate howl of rage, the dwarf released her and staggered back, blood flowing freely from a deep cut on his brow, caused by the sharp edges of the fractured vessel, which had broken with the violence of the blow, drenching the dwarf's dress with the spirit which it had contained.

Regret at the latter result appeared to render Lambourne oblivious of the pain of his wound or of anger at her who had inflicted it. Instead of at once advancing to molest his victim, he sent up a wild cry of lamentation at the loss of the means of farther intoxication.

To Aricia, standing there pale and trembling at her own act, and still grasping the broken implement of defence in her small hand, that hoarse wail gave an idea, of which she was prompt to take advantage.

"Til," she said, softening her voice to an ingratiating tone, "I am sorry to have hurt you, and caused you to lose your drink. Stay, I will get something to bind up your head with and bring you better liquor than that which you have lost."

And before Lambourne had fairly recovered his dazed senses Aricia ran off in the direction of the armoire in which Mrs. Dornton kept her wine.

There was, as Aricia knew very well, no chance of escape for her in that direction, and Lambourne still commanded the passage to the outer doors. But the girl had divined a means more safe and certain than any endeavour to repulse or elude the dwarf could be.

With a hasty and trembling hand she brought out a bottle of the generous liquor and poured a brimming beaker. But before filling the glass with that ruby liquid the girl had dropped therein a small quantity of another fluid whose properties she knew full well. Holding the goblet in her outstretched hand she returned to Lambourne.

"Taste this, Lambourne," she said, "and tell me if it is not better than that of which I have deprived you."

The dwarf needed no second invitation. He seized the beaker and drained it at a draught, giving a long sigh of satisfaction as he concluded.

"Sit down," said Aricia, "I will get a bandage for your forehead."

"Bring me more—more drink," hiccupped Lambourne.

"Yes, yes. Sit down."

Aricia left the room, returning quickly with the replenished cup, a basin of water, sponge and some linen. She handed the first to the dwarf, who drank it greedily, although with some difficulty. Already he was beginning to succumb to the influence of the large dose of the powerful narcotic which Aricia had infused in the first gobletful of wine.

The girl was quite calm and self-possessed now. She bathed the dwarf's wounded brow with the cool water, brought together the rough edges of the ghastly gash which the fractured edges of the glass had caused, and bound it up

tenderly and deftly with the bandages which she had purveyed.

Lambourne sat quite passive and silent under her ministrations. The muscles of his harsh visage began insensibly to relax, his thick eyelids dropped flaccidly over the dimming eyes. And as Aricia finished her task Lambourne's head dropped forward on his breast and his heavy stertorous breathing told that he had fallen into a deep slumber. Aricia was safe!

Then came a revulsion from her enforced self-control. She sank into a chair, and covering her face with her hands sobbed convulsively. Then she sank on her knees to return thanks to the Providence which had enabled her to escape.

Aricia knew nothing of the forms or doctrines of religion. She had prayed in her untaught childhood to the One Great Spirit as prayers the untutored savage of the wilds, she had besought Heaven for mercy when her lover lay in the living tomb, and now her thanks arose instinctively from her full heart.

When the girl arose her mind was full of busy thought. This sleep, induced by the opiate which her mother was wont to employ as an anæsthetic medicine, would be of long continuance, but must eventually pass off. Then she would be again at Lambourne's mercy, if Mrs. Dornton should not have in the meantime returned. Aricia felt that she dared not encounter such risk.

Slowly her thoughts travelled over the means of safety, until suddenly the thought of her lover broke the train. To that goal nearly all Aricia's meditations tended during her waking hours as in the night season thither all her visions centred. He was indeed in the words of one of Love's chosen poets, "the ocean to the river of her thoughts." The dull chamber, the slumbering drunkard, her own misery, faded from Aricia's mind.

"Everard, when shall I again see you?" she murmured, "Oh, my beloved, why have you forgotten me—why deserted her who loves you more than life? Ah, could I but look on your face once more—could I but again hear your voice, I could die happy!"

A sudden radiance overspread her beautiful face, a thought which came like an inspiration caused her to spring to her feet.

"Why should I not know somewhat concerning you, Everard?" she went on. "My mother will tell me nothing, save that you are false—the one thing which I cannot—will not believe. But am I not now free—free, if I so will, to go forth into the world of men and learn of Everard?"

The girl's breast throbbed wildly at the idea—so new, so enchanting, to her caged individuality.

"What should hinder me? My mother's anger? Yes, I know that will be terrible and cruel. But—" and she glanced shudderingly at the sleeping Lambourne, "I can better endure that than risk the awakening of this man. No! I will go—go to learn tidings of my Everard. But whither?"

The question was not easily answered, for Aricia knew nothing of either the adjacent localities or the dwellers therein. But light came to her.

"Ah, the ladies who came hither," she thought. "One of them was she whom I met in the grove when Everard was saved. I know their name. It is Villiers. It was printed on the little pieces of card which they gave to me when they came—Mrs. and Miss Villiers. Yes I will seek them—and at once!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Oh, bliss too bright to last!  
Oh, fairy hope that did arise,  
But to be overcast.

Poe.

Aricia's determination once taken, the girl lost no time in carrying it out. It was not so difficult for her to do so now as it would have

been a few weeks previous. Then she had absolutely no knowledge whatever of the world and the ways of men; now, thanks to her intercourse with Everard Redmond, to the call made by Mrs. and Miss Villiers, and other causes, Aricia had at least some general notions to serve as guides and impart a certain amount of tact to her simplicity.

Thus she realised at once that it would not do to start upon her quest in the outré habiliments in which, thanks to her mother's rigour, Aricia was still attired. But the defects of the girl's wardrobe might be readily supplemented if it were possible to obtain access to the deserted rooms which she had once investigated during Mrs. Dornton's slumbers. How to accomplish this was the question.

Aricia first ascended the broad staircase in the furthest hope that by some possibility her mother might have recently visited the room and left the door unsecured. This expectation was vain. The massive portal was firmly fastened.

Glancing about her for some other method of attaining her object, the girl called to mind that on the occasion of her visit one of the casements was open. Swift as thought Aricia sought the outhouse where the few tools and agricultural appurtenances of the Folly were stored. Amongst these was, she knew, a ladder of tolerable length.

The load was nothing to the girl's youthful energy, stimulated as it was alike by hope and fear, and in a very brief space Aricia had reared the means of assault against the front of the mansion.

The ladder was barely of sufficient length, but Aricia's activity served her well, and in a very few minutes she stood on the floor of the deserted boudoir, and before the receptacles of the old-world raiment. Then she set to work with great deliberation to make a selection from the variety of apparel. She knew better now than to attire herself in shining satin or the heavy grandeur of velvet of rich dyes.

The sight Aricia had had of Mrs. Villiers and Clarice in their quiet carriage costumes had been sufficient, coupled with the girl's innate good taste, to give her some indication of the style of dress desirable for one bound on an errand like her own.

Amongst the old-fashioned costumes which the girl drew from press and wardrobe, she could not hope to find any toilettes closely approximating to the latest productions of the Parisian modists which decked Mrs. Villiers and her daughter; but Aricia could at least select the most quiet and most consonant to existing fashion of the dresses she had to choose from, and her decision was a happy one.

A walking dress of quiet grey, somewhat scrimped in the skirt, and a piquant, old-fashioned hat of coarse straw, were sufficiently like the modern style of female apparel to render the girl's tout-ensemble tolerably inconspicuous.

Aricia hesitated for some minutes over the jewel case. She had not been woman if even in that moment of anxiety and peril the sparkling baubles had not held something of fascination for her. At length she withdrew from its velvet bed a heavy carcanet of delicately-fashioned gold and clasped it around her slender throat.

Then the girl slipped a couple of rings on two of her taper fingers, and her preparations were completed. She descended the ladder, carefully closing the window behind her as she did so.

Re-entering the house, Aricia found Lambourne still wrapped in deep slumber, which the girl anticipated, from her experience of the effects of the drug upon Mrs. Dornton, would endure for many hours. She hesitated for some time whether to make the Pomeranian dog a companion of her travels, but decided finally that it was better not to do so.

It was a new sensation to the lonely girl to find herself in the beaten track of the winding country road which ran past the Folly in tolerable close proximity. She turned to the right



when she emerged from the chase which ran from the mansion and tripped timidly along. The few passengers she met were labourers passing to or from the fields where their employment lay.

These regarded Aricia as she passed with the stolid curiosity which the rustic exhibits at sight of a strange face, and several, with a somewhat dubious air, saluted her by a pull at the brim of their broad straw hats or the forelocks of their hair, after the manner of their class on encountering a superior in social position. To all these demonstrations Aricia responded by a bright smile, a little inclination of the head, and a cheery good-morrow.

For her heart seemed elate with an unwonted buoyancy from the moment that she crossed the boundaries of the Folly's grounds. She would have been puzzled to account for the phenomenon, but it was none the less a fact that Aricia's heart beat high with hope. She was free!—free, if but for a space.

The dull walls within which she had been so long cooped were exchanged for the sunny landscape, the balmy air, the sapphire sky; the dead, sterile silence of the prison house replaced by the merry songs of the birds, and the cheery shout of the husbandmen in the corn fields.

True, she would have to return to her dungeon, for in her wildest thoughts Aricia did not contemplate anything more than a temporary emancipation from her thralldom, but she put away from her this idea, and was well content to revel for the time in her newly-found liberty.

But there was something still better than freedom within her grasp. At least, so Aricia fondly hoped and believed. Should she not perchance see her beloved? It was to this end that all her thoughts and desires tended, and, despite the words of Mrs. Dorn-ton, she had a strong faith that Everard was still in the vicinity, and earnestly striving to gain access to her, although hitherto baffled by the vigilance of Mrs. Dorn-ton and Lambourne.

Aricia had proceeded a tolerable distance along the deviously serpentine road before it occurred to her that she had not as yet any well-defined goal set before her. A few paces farther on she caught sight, through the five-barred gate which separated an adjacent field from the road, of a party of harvestmen, extended prone on the soft turf beneath the shade of a spreading oak, and enjoying their simple meal.

The girl stepped up timidly to the gate and inquired the way to Mrs. Villiers's house. The nearest yokel, removing the small beer keg from which he was drinking from before his face, turned his sun-burned visage towards Aricia with a look of undisguised admiration as he proceeded to reply, with great deliberation but a blunt courtesy:

"Mrs. Villiers! The Manor House. Ay, ay, miss, this be the road to 'un, sure enow! Ye'll just keep on to wheer the three ways meet, maybe half a mile ahead, and then take the reet hand road. But ye won't find the family there."

An expression of disappointment clouded Aricia's face.

"Is there no one there?" she faltered. "Is the house locked up?"

"Na, na, miss. Th' Manor bea'n't quite deserted. On'y th' family bea'n't there. There's Cap'n Pleydell at th' house howsomer, and his wally and some o' the servant lasses."

Captain Pleydell! Aricia breathed freely again. She had heard Clarice call the young man by his name and military title when in the grove. Next to finding Everard himself, surely a meeting with this friend, who had come so opportunely to her lover's rescue, would be desirable. From him Aricia might well hope to learn much of him who was the light of her life.

With a few words of cordial thanks Aricia turned from the labourers and pursued the road indicated.

"'Tis a comely lass yon," observed the man who had given the directions. "I wonder who

she be. None o' these parts, I'll wager. Dost 'ee know her, Zeek?"

Zecariah deliberately completed the mastication and deglutition of a huge mouthful of cold bacon and bread, and refreshed himself by a good pull at his beer-ting, before he felt equal to a reply:

"Noa," he said, wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his smock-frock, "noa, mate, I dunno th' lass."

"I can tell 'ee, Robin, who she be!" broke in another member of the circle. "'Tis e'en th' daughter o' th' madwoman who lives at the Den."

"Mrs. Dorn-ton?"

"Sure-ly I've a-seen her afore about the house when I've taken the horses round by th' Den. On'y then the lass looked like some ragged cowboy, and now she's like a—"

He hesitated for a moment, and another of the party supplied the hiatus in the speaker's sentence.

"Like a leddy."

"Zooks, ye're reet, lad. 'Tis a real leddy she looks. It be main cur'us to see her about like this, howsomer."

Leaving the rustics to digest their wonderment, let us follow the object of it. Aricia had no difficulty in finding Tremawr Manor, but her heart misgave her a little as she proceeded along the avenue of leafy limes which led thereto from the belt of fir plantations which divided the estate of Mr. Vivian from the highway. Not alone the unnatural timidity of a recluse brought into sudden contact with the world contributed to this feeling, but a maidenly shrinking for the at least partial revelation of her heart's deepest emotions, had its part in rendering Aricia's task a trying—even painful—one.

The female servant who answered the girl's knock looked at her with some curiosity as she inquired whether Captain Pleydell was at the Manor. The reply was in the affirmative.

Aricia gave her name and expressed her desire to see him. On hearing the former the servant's inquiring glance culminated in a stare of wonder so pronounced that it bordered upon the insolent. It was evident that the woman knew something of the history of the dwellers at the Folly.

She made some brusque half-articulate reply to Aricia's request and, ushering the latter into one of the handsome morning-rooms of the Manor, went to apprise the soldier of the arrival of a visitor.

Despite her nervousness and anxiety as to the result, Aricia cast swift and curious glances around the apartment in which she found herself. In every point it presented the most marked contrast to those to which she had been accustomed.

For the gloom and dirt and squalor of the Folly, here were brightness, soft tints and brilliant lighting.

The room looked to the eyes of the unsophisticated girl a very fairy palace, with its rich splashing, the choice aquarelles upon the walls, the wealth of costly bric-a-brac scattered around, the rare exotics which framed the windows in their glossy foliage and perfumed the air with their odours.

Bertram Pleydell did not keep his visitor long waiting. Aricia had scarcely made her cursory survey of the room ere the young man entered. Brief however as had been the interval it had given the soldier time to collect his thoughts and determine upon his plan of action.

Instinctively he decided that Aricia must have been impelled to this visit by one of two motives—either the desire to learn something of Lord Redmond or the necessity of escaping from her mother's ill-usage, and in either case Pleydell's power to assist her was but small. At all hazards she and Redmond must be kept asunder.

He greeted the girl courteously and adopting a manner calculated to set her completely at her ease, asked with the point-blank directness becoming in a soldier the purport of the visit.

Aricia's ingenuous face was crimson-suffused as she stammered out some inquiries respecting

Everard. Love, which gave her the boldness which prompted the queries, gave also the instinctive feeling that perhaps the line of maidenly delicacy and reserve had been overstepped in propounding such interrogations to a stranger and that stranger one of the opposite sex.

"I regret deeply, Miss Dorn-ton," replied the young man, "that there is but one of your inquiries which I am at liberty to answer. Lord Everard Redmond has quite recovered from the effects of that untoward accident, and was, when I last heard from him, well and happy."

Aricia started involuntarily as she heard for the first time the surname and title of her lover. Slight as was her knowledge of the world, she realised that a barrier hitherto unknown to her existed between the titled patrician and the untought dweller at the Folly. She recovered herself quickly.

"And Eve—Lord Redmond is now at—"

Pleydell extended his hand deprecatingly.

"I beg of you to waive the query, Miss Dorn-ton," he said, resolutely. "I cannot answer it."

"You do not know?" asked Aricia, with quiet insistence.

"I decline to impart my knowledge—at least to you."

The brusqueness of the refusal was half concealed by the suavity of the speaker's tone. Nevertheless, it struck Aricia almost as if it had been an actual palpable blow. Her lovely face flushed with indignant colour and a keener light shone in her eyes.

"You were kind to Everard," she said, with an effort at self-command, "and you are a gentleman. Tell me why you refuse me this information."

Captain Pleydell bit his lips.

"It is my nature to be frank," he said, after a little delay, "and I think you too are one who can understand and appreciate frankness. If there is any truth in physiognomy your face tells me that."

Aricia sat still and silent, listening intently, as if to an exordium which heralded some message which affected her nearly. Captain Pleydell's eyes were fixed on the girl's countenance as he was speaking, and noting now, for the first time, its rare loveliness, the tender contour of its lines, the traits of noble character everywhere apparent, he felt that he could almost forgive Lord Redmond's transient fickleness. He had to nerve himself for his reply as he continued:

"I believe you know but little of the world or its customs, and you are very young. It is not difficult for me to judge that my friend Redmond has said things to you which had been better left unsaid—has even made promises in sportive pleasantry which he did not expect you to receive in serious earnest. Forget them all, I implore you."

The girl's face paled and reddened in swift alternation as indignation or apprehension held varying sway.

"Why should Everard—your friend, do this?" she asked simply.

"I—I cannot tell. He is not the first man who has been driven to an unwilling homage of a woman's beauty. He should have known that his lips were sealed by honour."

"Why is that?" cried Aricia, earnestly, almost imploringly.

"Because he is betrothed to the lady whom you saw on that day when we found Redmond—Lady Clarice Villiers—and—"

He hesitated, then proceeded, with the determined air of a man resolved to go through an unpleasant business—

"And you and he must not meet again, Miss Dorn-ton. It is in the interest of your peace of mind, of that of Redmond's affianced, and even of his own, that such a decision is imperative."

He had lowered his eyes as he spoke, and, hearing no response or slightest sound, then raised them somewhat cautiously. Aricia Dorn-ton lay back supine in the fauteuil in a dead faint.

(To be Continued.)

## AT THE THEATRE.

BEHIND the scenes of a theatre all is hard work and business. There is no opportunity for flirtation. Indeed the very artists themselves often hardly see each other except on the stage itself while at the theatre. The stage lover who is leading off with such apparent tenderness the young lady who has just accepted his addresses, parts with her in the wings with but scant courtesy, for he has probably to hurry off to his dressing-room for the change of costume necessary for the next act, and she has the same reason for flying up the opposite staircase which leads to the dressing-rooms assigned to the lady-artists. The Green Room, except in cases of long "waits," is a deserted place, and even then the momentary expectation of the call boy's summons keeps the attention ever on the alert.

If idleness begets mischief, there is little opportunity for it here. The so-called players are in reality hard workers, toiling for their support and that of others. They may be simply amusing those who sit on the other side of the footlights, but they themselves are working hard, sometimes with aching hearts through the illness or loss of those nearest and dearest to them, sometimes struggling with physical pain and suffering, because they know that their bread depends upon their faithfulness to their duty. They are, as a rule, diligent and true to their trust.

## THE MYSTERY OF HIS LOVE;

OR,

### WHO MARRIED THEM?

By the Author of "*Christine's Revenge*," or,  
*O'Hara's Wife*."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE LOMONDES.

If this same were a churchyard  
Where we stand; if that the midnight bell  
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
Sound one into the drowsy night!

LILIAS slept on—the deep sleep of exhaustion, to which was added the effects of that powerful drug. It was a dreamless, dark abyss of forgetfulness in which her soul was steeped. Even as in days of old, when the world was young, poets told men stories of that deep river in which mortals were plunged in order that they might forget the past and the busy things of Time, and all the joys and sorrows of our "pleasing, anxious being."

Lilias was as far removed from pain and anxiety and terror as if she had bathed in the Lethe of the classic poets—nay, as if her young warm heart had already ceased its beating, and she lay in the cold embrace of the last enemy. And meanwhile Pierre Lomonde the younger weighed the hammer in his hand, poised it, at length clutched it, and started to his feet with a low, ferocious growl, like a savage beast who meditates a spring.

Madame uttered a cry something like the shriek of the seamew when a storm is brewing on the wind-lashed western coast:

"Don't think of it yet," she said, "it's not dark enough. Wait an hour—two hours; the girl will sleep yet more soundly by then. I wish I had doubled the dose, for then she would have slept until she died, and we could have buried her without that hammer. Ugh! the sight of it makes me faint and sick. I know if you are in too great a hurry you will come to some dreadful grief—I know it, and you will perhaps be taken yourself and guillotined! Ah,

I do remember, and when I was young, there was a man whom I liked well, and who loved me; he worked at the jeweller's at Rouen, where I was maid of all work, but he quarrelled with the master about the long hours and the short pay, and he went and worked in Paris, and there he made many friends, who taught him to look on things differently, so that he joined their gang, and one night he met an old man in a lonely street after all the houses were closed and all the people were in bed, and he knocked this old man down and took from him his gold watch and his purse filled with gold, and the old man was found dead in the street by the police, and he, my lad, would never have been taken had it not been for the watch, but he was idiot enough to bring it to Rouen and sell it. Mon Dieu, they were on his track, and they had him and the watch also within a week, and he was taken back to Paris and tried, and then condemned and found guilty and they took off his head. Ma foi, it was a fine head; he had flaxen curls and blue eyes, and a fair skin, for he was of German descent. I went up to Paris to be present; I stood in the crowd; I saw Jules with his hands bound behind him and his face white as death, and I saw terror in it. I was a girl then, no older than you are now, but I never shall forget that face of Jules, so full of fear, so long as a live. I myself fainted and some man held me up and so saved my life, for if I had fallen under the feet of the crowd I should have been trampled to death. When I came to myself the head of Jules was in the executioner's basket, and the crowd was disappearing."

"Why in the name of the infernal spirits do you seek to unnerve me with your witch's stories?" cried Pierre the younger, furiously. "Do you want to make my hand miss its aim? Do you want me to stagger and for her to awaken and cry out, so that I shall be forced to finish the work with my knife, and then the blood will flow and stain the floor? You wish me to be guillotined, do you?" and Pierre the younger uttered some dreadful imprecations.

At that moment the voice of the wind which was shrieking and yelling outside rose in a loud and fearful chorus, the door of the low-ceiled kitchen in which the Lomondes sat was driven open, and there staggered in the elder Lomonde. He had in his hand his spade and mattock; his fur cap was pulled down low over his sullen, murderous brow. He sank into to a chair after having put the tools in a corner, and he held out his hand and asked with a tremendous oath for something to drink. Madame poured him out some brandy while Pierre went and closed the door. His heels clattered against the stone flags of the kitchen; his mother put her hands to her ears.

"If you go up to that room," she said, "you must take off your shoes; they make a terrible noise, and they may wake her."

Then as her son was returning with a sullen face towards the fire, she went and met him and stood before him.

"Let your father do this," she said—"your father whom I hate, but you—you I loved and still love in spite of your oaths and your temper. If there is ever a fuss about this; if the police of Paris come here to hunt; if they go out in the little wood and dig and they find the body of her who sleeps upstairs, and if they say that they will have prisoners, let them have your father, let them spare you!"

But Pierre pushed his mother away with a fearful oath.

"Hold your peace," he said, "the old man has been digging; his hand is not steady like mine. What witnesses are there if even there be a hue and a cry and a search? We know that a woman of title is the person who will pay us; she is a woman as rich as Croesus, as her maid told me, and the gold Napoleons will fall into our laps like apples at the time of their ripeness and when a storm shakes the trees. Hold your peace. Get out of the way and let me sit by the fire and drink one cup of brandy mixed with cider. I am still athirst; I have been athirst all day; I shall be athirst until

this is done and over—the girl with the long black hair buried and all. I wish she had not such a fair face—I would that she were ugly and withered and old. It would not matter so much to put a woman away who had done with life, but this one is young and has only just begun it, so that one will sometimes be sorry for her in the times to come in spite of oneself."

Young Pierre was half intoxicated. Thus it happened that something within him was stirred and excited—something not wholly bad or brutal, for we believe that often qualities which are latent in men are brought out by the taking of strong potations. A man with a vein of humour becomes merry and witty, though perhaps in ordinary life he may appear quiet and even sad, unless circumstances have called out his gay qualities; a man on the other hand whom circumstances have compelled him to be mild and meek and submissive, is fired with a new courage. When he has drunk much wine he turns upon those whom duty and prudence alike have hitherto made him respect, and "answers them again," and thus perhaps ruins his own prospects; but the demon of drink was now assuming the guise of a more amiable deity, and actually making Pierre Lomonde appear for a time like a man filled with compunctions and relentings.

If hidden away somewhere in his soul, choked by the weeds which evil training and example had sown, there still lingered a germ of compassionateness, that germ now feebly strove to spring up in his heart and impel him to spare the young life which he was pledged to take.

Madame Lomonde was sorry to see now that wealth seemed within her grasp, and she had all her life cared more for greed than for any other earthly good, it would be terrible if these cowardly scruples of Pierre the younger should impel him to interfere at the last to save the life of the girl who slept upstairs, not that she wished her son to be the actual murderer. No, she had far rather that old Pierre, her husband, should run that risk, but she did not wish the younger one to spoil the business by his interference.

Old Pierre was a singularly brutal-looking man, with the typical physique of a butcher, a low, wide, fleshy forehead, deeply sunken, small eyes, a broad, bridgeless nose, thick lips. He had been a butcher fifteen years before; but he had been punished for extra cruelty to a calf, also for giving bad weight and for laming an apprentice for life in his brutal rage; so his business had left him, and ever since he came out of prison he and his wife had lived by means more or less unlawful.

He was not an old man; he was only nine-and-forty, and was still in the very strength of his manhood; his muscles were of iron; he had the nerve of a true butcher, the appetite of a wolf, the disposition of a tiger-cat; he was bald on the crown, and had tufts of red hair on each side of his head; he had a rough and grizzly red beard which met under his chin; he was of middle height, squarely and strongly built. He sat now before the wood fire eating bread and German sausage voraciously, and drinking cider, in which was mixed brandy, with avidity. It was a long time before he spoke. When he did he said:

"When is this thing to be done that has to be done, and which of us is to do it?"

"You are to do it," said Madame Lomonde, quickly; "this boy has been drinking too much brandy and has lost his nerve; his hand shakes. Yes, you, Lomonde, must do this."

"I'll have my supper first," said the ruffian, speaking with his mouth full; "after that I could kill ten such, and like the work; parbleu, it is in my own line. The grave is deep, but I am tired of the digging, that is not in my line. You, Pierre, should have done it."

Young Pierre filled a glass with a mixture of the cider and brandy, and was in the act of raising it somewhat slowly to his lips when the sounds of footsteps and voices were heard in the passage outside the kitchen door. The Lomondes looked at one another in blank horror.

"They are upon our track," said Pierre the



younger. "Anyhow, unless there are more than six of them they shall not mount to the attics and find her. We will take the jewels and run away after we have knocked them down."

The elder man started to his feet, and turned his savage, scowling face towards the newcomers. They entered, both buttoned up in enormous great coats to protect them from the bitter cold of the weather. The hail and sleet were driving right against the windows of the "Little Dog." The wind was howling like a crowd of maniacs.

The two men entered with bowed heads and averted eyes, for the glare of the wax candles which madame had lighted was painful after the darkness of the outside world. The newcomers both wore soft broad-trimmed hats, such as were suitable for wild and stormy weather like the present.

"They are on our track," Pierre again whispered to his mother.

Madame Lomonde turned round and faced the strangers, looking at them with a woman's keen and scrutinising eyes. In less than two minutes she had decided that these individuals had not the least idea that a helpless young girl lay at the mercy of the landlord's family; that they had not come to the "Little Dog" to seek for Mademoiselle Martin; but wholly and solely on their own business. They took little notice of the Lomondes at first. They unbuttoned their coats and took them off, and then the younger one asked madame politely a few questions.

Might they hang up their coats and hats? Could they have a supper and a bed that night at the "Little Dog," since they were belated, without a carriage or any means of conveyance? They would be most happy to pay madame as liberally for food and accommodation as if she were the landlady of a Paris hotel.

The gentleman, who spoke was fair-complexioned, with handsome, regular features; he was of a tall and stately presence; the expression of his blue eyes was mild, penetrating, kindly. Still, somehow, madame shrank from looking the young stranger in the face. She muttered that she supposed she could make them up a bed, but that she had not expected guests at that late hour during a storm, and in the winter; hers was a summer trade.

All the while she was speaking she was bustling about in a half nervous fashion making some preparations for the comfort of her unexpected guests. She threw two great logs on the fire; she placed a couple of clumsy chairs right in front of the blaze; she took away the coats and hats of the gentlemen and hung them, all dripping as they were, on a couple of pegs in the farther corner of the large old kitchen, and then she went into a larder and presently emerged with a piece of uncooked ham, some eggs and a loaf in a basket, and a bottle of wine.

"You now see your supper before you, messieurs," she said, with a shrug of her shoulders. "I will cook ham and eggs with anyone; also, I will fry you some potatoes if you desire it, and I will make you some coffee with boiled milk; also, our wine is good, and there is brandy for those who like to pay; but for sheets, bah! those are scarce at the 'Little Dog.' I have only one pair, and—"

She was interrupted by the darker and elder stranger, the man who had not yet spoken.

"Madame," he said, fixing his very dark eyes upon Madame Lomonde, "do not distress yourself in any way. For my part, I have been a traveller, a wanderer over the face of the earth for so long that I am well seasoned to all hardships. Ah, madame, I have slept dozens of times with no roof between my head and the sky. I have lain on the desert under the shelter of a rock, the sandy desert, where the sun slays men in daytime unless they cover their heads, and I have slept on the seashore in New England when the waves were going out, and after a twelve hours' tramp; I knew that I might sleep on the sands in peace until the waves came in again. I have slept in my turn in the Indian jungle, while my comrades were vigilant

watching unceasingly with their guns loaded for the wild beasts who made howlings all night through the woods, so that I know what it is to have to dispense with sheets and soft beds. I shall be thankful for a mattress and a couple of blankets."

As the man spoke he looked round the dusky kitchen, and the thought struck him that it was a place as full of weird suggestions of danger as that far away jungle in the Eastern land where he had slept while his comrades kept watch around with their guns. Neither he nor his comrade had any arms save a stout club walking stick between them.

As for the old kitchen, it was wide, dreary and full of shadows. There were corners where ghosts might lurk; there were doors leading into unknown regions; there was a clock in a case like a coffin ticking with a loud and threatening sound. All these, it is true, were rather the species of terrors which might be expected to strike upon an imaginative young lady rather than upon the senses of a man of the world who had travelled as this gentleman had, but he was a man of imaginative nature, and though he had no fear of actual ghosts lurking in corners, he had had a life so full of peril and strange chances that what with his native dreaminess and the vicissitudes of his life he came to pay some sort of regard to omens, and to him this wide, weird kitchen appeared full of them; then he looked at the two men before the fire; the one had finished his meal and was now smoking a short black pipe.

Pierre the elder looked more brutal than anybody the strange traveller had seen within the last year, so he said to himself; as for the younger man, his face was cruel and cunning enough to have served as a painter's model for a prisoner in the dock condemned for murder.

The strangers exchanged glances; they told each other without speaking that they considered themselves in danger, but both of these men were constitutionally brave; both of them loved adventure; they determined, since they were seven miles from any habitation and the night was desperately stormy, that they would run all risks and remain, and if needs were, fight for their lives against those two men.

The male Lomondes muttered together in unintelligible patois while Madame Lomonde set to work to cook the eggs and fry the rashers and cold potatoes for the two guests. Both of the gentlemen were hungry; both were in very tolerable spirits. They had not exchanged a single word in regard to their suspicions of their hosts; but yet they each of them understood that they were to stand by each other and to go through with the adventure whatever it might be. Meanwhile the Lomondes, father and son, thus discoursed in the Norman patois:

"Will not these spoil the game for to-night? We must then wait until to-morrow night and repeat the drug which the mother has given."

It was Pierre who spoke. His father answered with a growl:

"And to-morrow we may have others coming here. It never rains but it pours. We shall have a house full of guests, doubt not. No, we must do the work to-night or never."

"And those guests," said Pierre, "have they money—watches, anything of value?"

"And if they have?" growled Pierre the elder. "Look at them; they are strong men; they would not let us take their money."

"And can they not be drugged even as she is who sleeps upstairs? Let the mother put it in their coffee which we will give them with brandy after they have dined, and then they will sleep soundly, so that they will hear nothing. When they awaken to-morrow at eleven o'clock instead of at seven, they will attribute their oversleep to fatigue. Voilà tout!"

"It is a wise thought," said Pierre the elder, slowly, filling his pipe anew with vile tobacco as he spoke. "And when they awaken—that is at eleven o'clock—the little one will be sounder asleep than she is now in the grave. I have dug for her out there in the wood."

The dark gentleman, the elder of the two, listened not to what was to him quite unintel-

ligible, but the younger man gave a great start. He had been very hungry, and the cooking of madame was excellent. He had been thoroughly enjoying the food set before him, but now he lost all appetite in the blank horror that took possession of him.

Every word spoken by the Normans was understood thoroughly by him. He knew that upstairs lay somebody, a young girl most probably from the way in which they spoke of her—somebody who was drugged and was doomed to be slain before the daylight came again; somebody whose very grave yonder wretch had dug in the wood out yonder. He also knew that he and his comrade were to be drugged so that they might sleep and hear nothing in the night. He listened again, and managed still to eat his dinner, for he felt the stern necessity of feigning ignorance, at least for the present.

The "Little Dog" was seven miles from any other human habitation; suppose that in some dark corner of the evil-looking old house there lurked fire-arms loaded. In the space, perhaps, of ten minutes the bodies of himself and his comrade might lie on the kitchen floor weltering in their blood. Prompt measures were requisite, and for the present silence and secrecy. He allowed his friend to finish his dinner and to drink part of the bottle of wine, the cork of which he had drawn himself. He also ate and drank; then he said, suddenly:

"I am going to tell you something in our own language, in English. Maintain a superb indifference. Have you nerve?"

"My nerves are of steel, and my heart is of stone!" responded the other, with a laugh. "Give me a piece of bread; I could also eat a pear. I wonder if they have a store-room for fruit in this old place?"

"Madame!" cried the first fair gentleman in a gay tone, addressing the woman Lomonde, who now entered the room, "have you pears? We are fond of fruit."

"We have an orchard of pears," responded madame, "and I have a store closet. Yes, monsieur, you shall have pears in no time."

"Now while we peel our pears I will tell you what I have heard," said the fair young man to the other one about five minutes afterwards; and then he told him all that he had heard. "I am an artist as I have told you, and my name is Martin Vaughan. Many years ago I resided with my then patron and good master Holdsworth in Normandy for the space of two years. I was studying the costumes and faces and figures and manners and customs of the people, and I learnt the patois of the peasants, so that I am sure they have drugged some girl who is now asleep upstairs. Yonder younger ruffian watches jealously that heavy weapon, the great hammer, which is placed sideways close to the hearth. We are presently to be drugged in our coffee. Madame is no doubt now engaged elsewhere in placing the poisonous decoction in the coffee pot, then she will come in and boil the coffee; no doubt it will be delicious. Ah, here she comes. Thanks, madame," with a bow and a charming smile.

The thanks were spoken in French.

"What are you prepared to do?" continued Martin, speaking in English to his friend.

"I?" responded the other with a laugh, "oh, I am prepared for anything. I have travelled all over the world, and I am well accustomed to hold my life in my hand. I never travel without a loaded revolver. I have now one in my pocket."

"Good!" responded Vaughan. "What then shall we do?"

"We must secure the two men," responded the dark-complexioned friend of Vaughan. "Do you see those coils of rope now hanging near the dresser? These men must be dashed to the ground and bound hand and foot while we search the house to look for the girl whom they mean to murder. Let madame leave the room before we begin. She is strong and wiry and might incommode us. Now let us laugh loudly and clink our glasses. Let us talk Paris talk for five minutes to throw them off their guard; that is all that is wanted, but we must be quick!"

The two gentlemen laughed and clinked their glasses. Madame Lomonde left the room, and then suddenly the dark stranger sprang to his feet and made a dash at the throat of the elder Lomonde, while Martin Vaughan seized the younger Lomonde, and forced him to his knees. Vaughan was a stronger man than Pierre the younger, but it seemed that the dark stranger was possessed of a superhuman strength. The elder Lomonde, brutal butcher as he was, was like a helpless child in the grasp of this man.

"Ha! ruffian and murderer," he said, "so you have dug a grave, have you, in the wood ready for your victim. But now you will be compelled to say who was the instigator of this foul deed. Now do you see this revolver? It is loaded, and I will blow your ugly head to pieces unless you make a full confession of everything you meant to do, and of who was to give you your reward. If you attempt to call your wife one moment before I give you leave, see what you have to expect!" and he held the revolver close to the temple of the trembling Frenchman.

The two Englishmen had securely bound the two wretches hand and foot before Madame Lomonde came back into the room. When she did so, and saw her husband and son both sitting on the floor bound hand and foot with the ropes from the dresser, and the two tall Englishmen standing over them, she uttered an unearthly yell.

(To be Continued.)

### THE SPANISH FANDANGO.

THIS the national dance of Spain, is truly inspiring. The music is accompanied by a rhythmic clapping of hands on the part of the spectators. The dance itself portrays the passion of love, and its successful rendition depends as much on the individual talents of the performers as that of a play upon its actors. The young man whom we saw enact the chief part was of a fine athletic form, well displayed in his Andalusian costume, with a crimson scarf bound tightly around his waist, a velvet sombrero, a jaunty vest, and white stockings reaching from the tasseled knee, glittering with its silver buttons, down to his shapely feet. He stood a little while looking around with a bandit air, then approached a young girl, who, with a number of young friends sat waiting to be chosen, and signified his lordly will to dance. She rose, and they fell back into the middle of the arena.

Then began the dance, for which the audience composed themselves with nearly as much anticipated pleasure as for a bull-fight. With castanets in either hand and arms rising or falling at the moment's impulse, the dancers began swaying backward and forward, now advancing, now retiring in languid, undulatory movements; sometimes there would be a sudden passionate start, subsiding into coy reluctance; sometimes a sweep around each other; then there would come a quick and impetuous movement of darning, entreaty, or coquettish allurements, relapsing into the wave-like dance, charming beyond expression, while through it all the shrill, crude music shrieked and wailed, the beating of the hands took time, and sharp cries of "Ola! Ola!" rang through the room as the audience waked to the passion of the play, and the actors warmed into the true dramatic meaning of the dance. When, subdued by the mimic suit of her partner, the maiden touches his shoulders on either side, with the tips of her fingers, the fandango ends.

A young gorilla, captured in the wilds of South Africa, has just become the property of Mr. William Cross, the well-known naturalist, of Oldhall Street, Liverpool. The animal has been seen since its arrival by Mr. Moore, curator of the Derby Museum, who pronounces it to be a genuine specimen of the gorilla class of apes.

## CLARA LORRAINE;

—OR—

### THE LUCKY TOKEN.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE next morning, as soon as breakfast was despatched, Clara was summoned by her uncle to the library. She entered the room with some apprehension, for Lina's words of the preceding evening recurred to her remembrance and her aunt's inexplicable visit being also associated therewith, she secretly dreaded a painful interview.

Yet she did not in consequence come into her uncle's presence shrinking like a guilty or conscience-stricken thing. She frankly replied to his greeting and took the seat to which he pointed.

"Clara," he said, "did your aunt go to your room yesterday and make certain proposals to you respecting a different mode of life to that which you lead at present?"

"She came to my room, uncle, and certainly made such offers."

"Did she wish you to go out shopping with her to buy a handsome outfit?"

"She offered me new dresses."

"Did she speak of your going to the Park?"

"She did."

"Did she propose that you should attend balls and parties?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Did she also speak of the opera?"

"She did."

"Did you accept her proposals?"

"No, sir."

"Why not?" demanded the questioner, angrily. "Why did you refuse your aunt's kind offers?"

"Because I could not accept them."

"And why not, pray? Do you hold yourself so far superior to us that you disdain our friendly offers?"

"Oh, uncle, please do not so misjudge me. I hold myself superior to no one. I repeat, I declined my aunt's offers because I could not accept them."

"And I again ask why you could not accept them? Could you not take the new dresses? I am told that those you already possess are shabby in the extreme and that it is almost a disgrace to see so poorly clothed a young woman go in and out of our house."

Clara flushed at these words, but she calmly replied:

"I declined the dresses because I have already purchased all I need or desire. I therefore thanked my aunt, but did not accept her gifts."

"Why did you refuse to drive out? What reason did you give Mrs. Lorraine for that?"

"I told her I needed and preferred the exercise of walking."

"Is your health so delicate you are unable to ride?" demanded her uncle, sneeringly.

"By no means, sir, but I am accustomed to walking, and find it suits my fancy."

"Why did you refuse to accompany my wife and daughter to balls and parties?"

Clara flushed again, but this time it was at the recollections of her aunt's insulting offer to beg invitations for her.

"I think I told my aunt I should not enjoy such entertainments," she replied.

"Well, miss, what could have been your objection to the opera?"

Clara found his steady catechising a most painful ordeal, but true to her resolve not to betray her aunt's unkindness, she answered:

"I declined that offer because—because I had scruples about attending it as she proposed."

"Ah, then, it is as Mrs. Lorraine intimated! You consider pleasures which my family and myself look upon as perfectly innocent, and

even elevating, as pernicious and demoralising! I fear that your prudish, puritanical ideas will shortly lead you to an absolute withdrawal from all connection with your relatives."

"Oh, uncle, pray do not speak to me so!" cried Clara. "I was not conscious of doing wrong. I am quite happy without the rich clothing which my aunt and Mabel wear. I should be equally contented if I never saw the inside of a ball-room. As for drives and the opera I would very much like to enjoy them, but I do see how I can do so."

"Your aunt gave you the opportunity. Why did you not embrace it?"

"I could not."

"Why, what absurd scruple held you back?"

"Indeed, uncle," she said, looking at him with a distressed face, "I cannot tell you."

"Cannot tell me!" he cried. "Were your reasons sufficiently strong you would not hesitate to mention them. Mrs. Lorraine is justly hurt that her kind intentions were thrown back upon her, and I am indignant that any relative of mine should so obstinately thwart my wishes."

Her voice angrily rose as he proceeded:

"When I admitted you to my family I hoped to be allowed to treat you as my own child and to see you conduct yourself as such, but ever since your arrival you have sedulously withdrawn from our society; you have chosen the most remote chamber in the house; you have arrayed yourself in clothing which would bring discredit upon any of my servants; you shun the society which I invite to my house; your supercilious conduct has been such as to awaken the aversion of my domestics, and when pleasures and advantages which any right-minded girl would accept are offered you, you coldly, even slightly, refuse them."

"Oh, uncle, uncle!" exclaimed Clara, with tears in her eyes, "you do not understand me. Indeed, indeed, you do not. I would gladly mingle with the rest of the family did I know that my society was desired. I do not seclude myself in my remote room from choice."

"Did not your aunt offer you a different—a better apartment?"

"She did."

"Why did you not take it?"

"Because the one I have is as good as I desire. When I first came here I would have preferred another, but now I do not wish to change."

"Then 'tis as I said," retorted her angry uncle, resuming his accusations. "Your flagrant disregard of my wishes makes me justly indignant, and, therefore, since you are so obdurate from choice, I shall lay my commands upon you."

"Pray, uncle, do not let me longer distress you or my aunt by my presence. I need not remain here against your desire. I would much prefer going away."

"No, you shall do nothing of the kind!" he angrily responded. "I insist upon your remaining and complying with our requests."

Clara burst into tears.

"I cannot," she said, sobbing bitterly.

"What a little dunce you are. Why don't you tell just how it was?" cried Lina's voice, for the child, unobserved by either uncle or niece, had stepped into the room. "Tell him just what mamma said, and then I guess he won't scold you any more."

Mr. Lorraine turned to his youngest daughter, whose further speech Clara was now earnestly endeavouring to repress.

"What is that you are saying, Lina?" he demanded.

The little girl pulled her head away from the hand with which Clara sought to cover her lips, and replied:

"Mamma didn't say just what you think she did. She made Clara angry, and I don't blame her for saying she wouldn't go out."

Mr. Lorraine arose, and taking the child's hand, led her away from Clara's side. Lifting her upon his knee as he resumed his seat, he said in a grave, altered tone:



"What do you know about it, Lina, dear?"

She boldly returned:

"I know all about it, for I was there and heard every word that was said."

"What happened to make your cousin angry?"

"Mamma pretended she didn't know that Clara had such a mean old room, and she said that she might ride with Cécile, and that John could go with her to the opera."

Mr. Lorraine put the child down, and rising, took a few hasty turns up and down the room.

"Clara," he presently said, pausing before his niece, "I wish you to forget the hasty words I spoke to you a few moments since. I was unjust because I was ignorant of the true state of affairs. You did very wrong not to tell me."

Clara was silent, but her face burned most painfully, not because of the reproof which her uncle just administered, but because her sensitive spirit recoiled in horror from the thought that she was to be the means of a conjugal quarrel.

"Promise me," Mr. Lorraine continued—"promise me that you will not again speak either of this matter or of leaving my house."

Clara willingly acceded to the first request, but she again urged the propriety of seeking another home.

"I seem to be the unwilling cause of much contention," she said. "I would be far better if I were to go away. I am not entirely without resources and I should not suffer. Pray let me seek some quiet boarding place and thus relieve my aunt and Cousin Mabel of my presence."

Mr. Lorraine frowned and opened his lips to reply, but ere he could speak, Lina set up a loud cry.

"You shan't go away!" she cried, running to her side and throwing her arms around her cousin's neck. "I can't live without you, and if you go away I'll give up trying to be good. I'll go off every day with James, and I'll bite and scratch worse than ever!"

"Hush! Be quiet, Lina," interposed her father. "Clara is not going away."

And as Clara's arm stole round the waist of her sobbing little pupil she learned that it would indeed be a hard task to part with one who, from a young desperado, was being transformed by her teaching and example into a loving, noble child.

"You must not leave us, Clara," her uncle resumed. "I cannot consent to it, and you must promise to remain, else I shall feel that my unkind words are unforgiven."

The promise was accorded in a low voice and with a foreboding heart.

"That is right," said Mr. Lorraine. "Now make me another promise. Agree to what my wife should have proposed had she strictly fulfilled my instructions. I will myself escort you whenever you may choose to go, and I will see that you have the means of riding out properly whenever you may desire. I no longer wish it to be said that the rich Mr. Lorraine secludes his pretty niece and deprives her of all social advantages," and the speaker, quieting the loud promptings of conscience by these subterfuges, smiled persuasively.

"No, no, uncle," replied Clara. Spare me that. I cannot do differently from what I have done. Such pleasures are not essential to my happiness. I can very well dispense with them."

"But it is my wish that you should not. I particularly desire that when guests come to the house they should see you as well as Mabel in the drawing-room. Promise me that henceforth you will not seclude yourself."

Clara hesitated. She did not know what to say, for in truth to accede to her uncle's request would be to run counter to her aunt's wishes.

"Uncle," she finally said, "you place me in a trying position."

"Your aunt shall properly second my request," said Mr. Lorraine, decidedly.

Still the young girl shrank from giving a

promise which she knew would constantly embroil herself with her other relatives.

"If you find it so difficult to accede to all I wish," said her uncle, "we may be able to compromise the matter. I shall, however, insist that you spend your evenings in the drawing-room with the family, and that you are present as one of us when guests visit the house. This I cannot excuse you from."

Clara at length reluctantly consented to this arrangement; yet after her uncle left her, and she and Lina returned to their usual morning duties, she could not banish from her mind the idea that this concession would result disastrously.

She had learned her aunt well enough to know that measures which she opposed never prospered, and the young girl whose anomalous position in that house was an hourly trial, prayed for strength to meet the sorrows which might be in store for her.

Her heart was sore and she felt more disappointed than ever before. Her uncle's unjust words rang in her ears and rankled in her memory. She had forgiven them, but she could not forget them, hard as they might try to do so. Lina was her only solace in that strangely assorted family, and to Lina she now turned for comfort.

The child did not disappoint her, for day by day she developed new elements of a noble character, and her affectionate nature, fertilised by Clara's own counsel, promised to become a fruitful soil whence a rich harvest might be expected.

From that day a different order of things was established in the Lorraine household, at least as far as Clara was concerned. Her strange position was more defined, and though she was spared some trials, she was not on the whole any happier, for she could plainly perceive that her aunt's cordiality was assumed and that at heart she hated her as bitterly as ever; while Mabel, feeling outraged, as she expressed it, by this companionship, maliciously determined to lose no opportunity of mortifying her cousin in the presence of guests.

Whenever her father was not present, therefore, she improved every occasion to hold her "country cousin" up to ridicule, and, though this was usually done behind Clara's back, the latter was none the less conscious of what was going on.

The orphan's self-respect would not permit her to resent these insults, but in her own way she maintained her dignity and often baffled Mabel's ill-natured purposes.

That haughty, purse-proud young lady made her poor cousin's dress a constant subject of ridicule, for, as Clara would not accept the clothing which in an alms-giving spirit was offered her, she only wore those garments which her own slender purse permitted her to purchase.

Yet these garments, plain as they were, set off her perfect figure to such advantage as to leave nothing to be desired in appearance; and not even Mabel, with all her rich toilets, was able to create the pleasing impression which Clara always produced.

Mrs. Lorraine, as well as her daughter, quickly took note of this fact, and metaphorically she gnashed her teeth with rage at her husband's mad perversity. She saw the smile of glad surprise which overspread the face of Robert Earnshaw when he next visited the house and met Clara in the drawing-room. She observed that the young girl's every movement was noted by him with pleasure, while her own daughter was comparatively neglected.

Mabel was also quick-sighted enough to know the difference, and she panted for an occasion to vent her spleen upon her innocent cousin. Such an opportunity was not long in presenting itself. The opera, with all its attractions, was discussed one evening, and Mabel delighted in holding the conversation to that topic, since she saw that Clara could take no part in it. She suddenly turned to her cousin and said:

"By the way, Clara, you have never favoured us with any music since you have been here. Undoubtedly Westernville affords musical ad-

vantages of a high order. Won't you give us a song?"

Clara's pearly complexion became roseate at the request, for there were a number of guests present, and so public a demand appalled her.

"Pray excuse me, Mabel," she replied. "As you say, I have not touched the piano for months, and I am quite out of practice."

"Oh!" returned Mabel, laughing, "that is what all young ladies say when they want to be urged. I did not think such a fashionable custom had reached Westernville. We really cannot excuse you. I know all here would be charmed with a song or a sonata. We will leave the choice entirely to yourself."

Clara glanced timidly and almost despairingly around the room. Politeness would not permit her to refuse outright, yet she feared she should sink with embarrassment if before that critical audience she should attempt any of the pieces which she had been taught by her mother.

In her rapid survey of the room her eye caught that of Earnshaw fixed earnestly and anxiously upon her. Instantly she felt that she had a friend and sympathiser in the room, and the thought filled her with courage.

She immediately arose, and while Mabel continued her malicious entreaties for a simple song, "just to let us know the style of music which is popular in the country," Clara walked composedly to the piano and took her place.

She struck a few chords with a master hand and then broke forth into one of those impassioned strains from "Il Trovatore" which always find their way directly to the heart.

Clear, strong, sweet and beautiful, a superb voice rose and filled the lofty drawing-room with melody such as had never before been heard within those walls. The most difficult passages were executed with faultless precision, and with ease the girl's voice ranged from the highest soprano notes to the lowest.

When she finished a silence of several seconds ensued. It seemed as if all were waiting for the last echo of that divine voice to die away.

Clara arose from the piano and, as modestly as though her song had, indeed, been only a simple country air which illustrated the style of music popular in rural districts, resumed her seat, while the defeated Mabel, raging with jealous apprehension, sat silent and immovable.

The silence continued for only a moment, for directly it was broken by a murmur of undisguised admiration and by petitions for other songs. But Clara steadily declined. She had testified her willingness to accede to her cousin's request, but now when she saw what displeasure her compliance had evoked she determined to sing no more, and her annoyance was extreme when, among the first to press around her to express his pleasure, was Mr. Langton, her cousin's favoured suitor.

"Aw, Miss Clara," he said, "upon my word now, that song was very cleverly given. Won't you, aw, won't you now, favour us with another?"

"Indeed, you must excuse me, Mr. Langton; I was, in a manner, forced to the piano, else I should not have had the courage to sing at all. You know that a 'country girl' is unacquainted with city standards."

She could not resist the satisfaction of making this last little thrust, but the next moment she bitterly repented doing so, for as she spoke she caught Mr. Earnshaw's eyes fixed steadily upon her and she felt that he inwardly reproached her for the little bit of revenge in which she had indulged.

(To be Continued.)

HEAVY sewing machines for sail-making are about to be introduced into the various dockyards. The machines will be driven by steam power, and will also be used in the making and mixing of colours, which work, together with the heavy sail-making, is now done by hand. The change will not only involve great saving of labour but will also result in more expeditious and improved work.



[AN INVITATION.]

## A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

THERE was the usual amount of noise, bustle, dust and confusion that is always attendant upon the departure of a railway train. Dr. Hartwell's large, portly figure completely blocked up the carriage-door as he stood taking leave of his patient. He had at last accomplished a result for which he had worked hard. No one would suppose in looking from him to the frail, delicate young girl clad in deep mourning, lounging back among pillars and shawls, that there ever could have been a contest between them.

It seemed as if a breath might crush her, she was so very fragile, yet as she raised her face to his in talking, and one caught a full look at it, the firm, resolute mouth and chin betrayed the undeniable fact that Leslie Graham had a very strong will of her own.

She had been ill with a long, nervous prostration following her father's death, and it had required all the skill of their old, faithful family physician, and the most assiduous care and nursing to bring her back to life. Now, although it was two years since her father died, and her physical strength had in a great measure returned, she was very sad, and morbidly melancholy. In hopes to rally her, Dr. Hartwell had insisted on her going to the sea-shore, and had, as we have seen, finally prevailed.

Now, when bidding her good-bye, he took out of his pocket a little red morocco note-book, with a pretty pencil attached, and her initials L. R. G. upon the outside cover, saying:

"Here is my prescription, and all the medicine I shall give you. I do not want you to read or sew or think at all. I want you to lounge about among the rocks and drink in the sea air, and eat and sleep all you can. The book is for your observations of the people around you. Your amusement and your medicine is to consist in studying the characters and the characteristics of your fellow creatures. Write down your first impression of a person, and the ideas you form of that person at sight; then as your knowledge increases you can see how far your intuitions were right. Of course you will make some grand mistakes; but keep on, and your facility at reading character correctly will increase. You must forget yourself entirely, and occupy your mind with all the strange people that I hope to find written out here when you come back."

The whistle of the locomotive sounded.

"Good-bye," said the doctor. "Oh, by the way, my nephew, of whom you have heard me speak, has returned. He was in town the other day. I wanted to bring him round, but he couldn't stop. He was in a hurry to join his mother and sister. I am sorry for you not to have met him. Perhaps, though, I can interest him sufficiently in your case to induce him to visit you in my place."

"Dr. Hartwell, you will do no such thing!"

Leslie exclaimed, indignantly. "I will not have a spy sent down to watch me. Your nephew may be the great prodigy you say; but I shall not like him: I have not the slightest desire to see him."

Dr. Hartwell was very much amused. This was quite like the old Leslie, who was always taking strong dislikes to people.

"Well, my dear, you needn't worry about it now. It is likely you will meet John sometime, I certainly mean you shall, and when you do you will be surprised to find how well you get on together."

The ride was not a very long one, but it was warm and dusty, and Leslie grew tired before its close. The breath of the sea, which occasionally stole in through the windows, as they approached the terminus, was very refreshing. Leslie was perfectly delighted when she found they were to stay at the Pico, on the opposite side of the harbour from the town, situated close to the beach. When they woke, in the night time, they could hear nothing but the deep undertones of the sea, and the swashing of the waves. Really, Doctor Hartwell had been very considerate of her, after all.

She was too utterly fatigued that night, to think of her prescription. She was scarcely conscious that there was anyone in the large dining-room but her aunt Harriet, who had accompanied her, and herself; and she drank her tea, and ate a slice of dry toast, oblivious of the many glances bestowed upon them. The slight, graceful, willowy figure, and the pale, delicately moulded face, with large, blue-gray eyes, and long dark lashes, would have attracted notice anywhere. The hotel was only half-full, it being yet early in the season, so every new-comer was duly scrutinised.

There was a party of five seated opposite, a little below them, who seemed to regard Leslie with considerable interest, aunt Harriet thought. An aged lady, with mild, placid features, and soft, white hair put away under a becoming lace cap; two young ladies; and two gentlemen. One of the young ladies was tall, dark, and very stylish; the other was small, fair, and evidently an invalid, for a crutch rested behind the chair. One of the gentlemen was very brilliant and talkative; the other remained silent, but every time Aunt Harriet looked towards the group, his eyes were either fastened intently upon Leslie, or just turning away. She thought, perhaps, he knew her; but his face was perfectly inscrutable, and she could not make out whether recognition, admiration, curiosity, or all three, prompted his steady gaze. She told Leslie about them, after tea, in their rooms.

"I think, dear, they are very nice people," she said, after finishing her description of them.

"Well, I hope they are, if we are to sit so near them," Leslie replied. Then brightening up a little, she continued: "I suppose I can begin my character study with them; they will probably be as interesting, from what you say, as anyone here. I feel very sorry for the young lady who is lame."

Leslie went down to the breakfast-table the next morning, with her mind braced for its first encounter. She looked over at her neighbours opposite, rather timidly, and after a little, decided to begin with the young man who sat nearest, as his attention was entirely taken up with the lame lady, who sat at his right.

He did not notice Leslie in the least, or show any uneasiness under her close scrutiny. She had nearly finished her observations, and made up her mind in regard to him, when he suddenly turned, and looked directly in her face, with an amused, questioning look, which said almost as plainly as words:

"Have you finished me?"

Leslie was quite mortified and provoked. He had been aware, then, all the time, that she was looking at him, and had purposely kept his attention the other way. This was likely to prove a dangerous amusement, she thought, and one that might lead her into uncomfortable straits. Her face flushed very perceptibly, and in her embarrassment, she caught the handle of her coffee-spoon in her sleeve, and overturned



her cup. She was thoroughly angry now, but pride came to her rescue. She would not allow this trivial occurrence to discompose her. Surely she had sufficient dignity to sustain her in a moment like this, trying though it was.

"What a stupid performance, Aunt Harriet, is it not?" she said. Then with an imperious air, she summoned a waiter, and had him remove the debris, ordered another cup of coffee, and drank it with quiet composure, haughtily ignoring the offending individual opposite.

If it had been the young gentleman who was studying character, he would have had a rare opportunity. The metamorphosis was wonderful of the quiet, subdued, sad-faced little girl of the night before. Her features seemed to stiffen and grow cold, her eyelids drooped a little, her eyes became quite dark, her lips compressed, and her chin looked as if chiselled out of marble. She seemed "every inch a queen."

Soon after breakfast, Leslie went to her room, and entered the following in her notebook:

"JULY 8TH, 1879.—Made an attempt this morning, according to Dr. H.'s prescription, to study a gentleman opposite us at table. He has a splendidly-formed head, the forehead jutting over, deep-set eyes, dark blue, I think, large nose, mouth, and chin, light hair and moustache. He has a way of taking in everything with one glance, and knowing all that is going on in the room; also the power of seeing, apparently, out of the back of his head. His manner is commanding, and rather overbearing, though not really ungentle. I should say that he was born with a feeling of superiority. He likes to place people at a disadvantage and then be magnanimous. He could never stoop to ask a favour; he would demand it as his right instead. He is not quick-tempered; on the contrary, in a quarrel he would be exasperatingly cool, while he would make his opponent's blood boil with rage and fury. Altogether he is quite disagreeable, and I hope I shall not have to make his acquaintance. He turned to me with a most provoking look, when I got through studying him, as if he knew just what I was doing, when of course he could not; and then to crown all I upset my coffee. I suppose he thought he had produced quite an impression, to cause so much confusion. He is horribly conceited—not of his looks, but of his power over people. I shall grow to detest him if he stays here all summer. I wanted to study the nice old lady, and the lame girl who has a lovely, sweet face, but I shall not dare molest them while such an ogre mounts guard."

One day when Leslie was in a favourite haunt on the rocks, a breeze suddenly wafted into her lap a dainty light-blue veil. A moment more and it would have found a watery grave, but Leslie caught it. She turned to see if the owner was near, and beheld the lame young lady at quite a little distance higher up on the rocks. The latter nodded, and beckoned with her hand, so there was nothing for Leslie to do but clamber up the steep ascent and restore the property.

"What a naughty, naughty breeze that was," the young lady began. "I thought I had tied my veil quite securely, when away it went all of a sudden before I could catch it. Thank you very much." Then in rather a hesitating, timid way, she said, looking up into Leslie's face, "Won't you sit down a little while? I am quite lonely. My brother is reading his papers, and I came out with Arthur and Helen, but they saw some friends going out sailing, and wanted to go, so I made them leave me, and told them I did not care if I was alone. But I should like very much to talk with you, if you do not mind."

This was all said so sweetly that Leslie could not refuse, so she sat down beside her, and Aunt Harriet, seeing them enter into earnest conversation, went up to the hotel for a nap, before dinner, leaving Leslie to her fate.

It does not take two girls very long to become acquainted, when one is frank, cordial and communicative, and the other is a sympathetic, appreciative listener. In a little more than half

an hour Leslie knew all about Alice Rogers, for that was her name, and almost everything that had ever happened to her. She learned, too, all about her brother, Dr. Franklin Rogers, the subject of her study, who had been abroad ever so many years, studying medicine, and was very learned.

He was Alice's half-brother, as her mother had been a second wife, and he was the son of a former marriage. She also learned that the dark, stylish young lady was Helen Spencer, one of Alice's intimate friends, and the young man so devoted to her was Arthur Campbell. He was very much in love with Helen, but Alice thought she could not quite make up her mind to have him, although he was wealthy. Helen had had so much attention, and so many offers, it was hard for her to decide the momentous question. They were chatting away very fast when they heard footsteps close behind them.

"Frank, I want to introduce you to Miss Graham. I have got acquainted with her, and we are already very good friends."

He lifted his hat, with a courteous bow, and seated himself.

"I am afraid, Alice, you have taken by storm what some persons have to toil years for. I should judge that Miss Graham's friendship is not always easy of acquisition." And he looked at her, inquiringly.

"But you are altogether and entirely wrong, Frank," Alice went on, in her perfectly child-like way. "She was not hard to get acquainted with at all, and I did not have to 'do it all,' as you said I would."

He laughed at this, but did not seem in the least disconcerted.

"My dear Alice, you should not betray me in this manner. It was very foolish in me to make such a remark, and I beg Miss Graham's pardon most sincerely."

Leslie Graham was a remarkably truthful person. In her heart she knew that his judgment of her was correct. She did not make friends easily, and she was too honest with herself not to acknowledge that he was right.

The most provoking part of it was, that notwithstanding his apology, his look into her face seemed forcing her to the confession that he was correct. After a momentary struggle, she said, with a sort of proud defiance in her tone:

"You are perfectly right, Doctor Rogers; I do not make acquaintances easily. It is quite wonderful to me, I assure you, the way your sister has succeeded with me in so short a time. I never knew such a thing to happen before."

He received her admission with a satisfied smile, which did not tend to lessen her indignation towards him. They talked a little while longer, and then the dinner-gong sounded, and they gathered up their shawls and wraps, and went up to the house.

She could not help noticing how carefully he guided his sister over the rough rocks, lifting her in his arms over all the hard places. He was so very careful and tender with her, that Leslie was forced to make an amendment in his favour, mentally.

After this, there was no more of quiet solitude for Leslie. She was constantly with some of the Rogers family. She and Alice grew to be very fond of each other. There was little time either for character study, outside the Rogers group. But Doctor Rogers completely puzzled her. One day, kind, thoughtful, deferential, and exceedingly entertaining; the next day, commanding, tyrannical, quarrelsome, and altogether disagreeable. Sometimes she thought her first judgment had been absurdly harsh and unreasonable, and again she would think it not half severe enough. He took it upon himself to look out for her, and care for her comfort in manifold little ways, the same as he did for Alice. It was very aggravating to Leslie, just after he had provoked her almost beyond endurance by some of his ironical speeches, to have him perform some unusually kind and thoughtful act for her. At such times she would either receive his attentions haughtily, or reject them entirely. Finally he said, one day, after such an occurrence:

"You do not like to have things done for you, to be waited upon, do you, Miss Graham?"

"No. I prefer always to wait upon myself." Then thinking this might sound a little rude, she added: "I am quite an independent individual, and have always been used to looking out for myself."

"Yes, I have discovered that. Well, I do not like to be thanked for every trifling service I render, so let us make an agreement. You shall allow me to wait upon you, and care for your health and comfort, as I think the occasion demands, and you shall receive it all as a matter of course, and I will not require any thanks or expressions of gratitude till the end of the season, when you can do it up wholesale."

Leslie glanced up at him quickly. She suspected that he knew it was irksome to her to be under obligations to him, and hence the agreement he had proposed. But he was looking out on the water, and she could tell nothing of the tenor of his thoughts from his indifferent expression.

Once he was telling her of some delightful excursion, when the thought suddenly occurred to her that perhaps he had met Doctor Hartwell's wonderful nephew, so she asked:

"Did you ever meet a Dr. John Hartwell abroad? He is my doctor's nephew, and I have heard a great deal about him. That is—I presume his name is Hartwell—I don't know why I should either, for now I think of it, I have never heard him called anything but 'my nephew John.'"

"Dr. John Hartwell? Let me see," and he kept his head bent down over the stick he was whittling, his hat shielding the amused look in his eyes. "No. I do not ever remember of meeting anyone of that name. Is he smart?"

"His uncle thinks he is; but I have no doubt his talent is over estimated. Liking will go a great way towards prejudicing one's mind," Leslie said.

"Yes, that is very true, and so will dislike," and he looked at her significantly.

What could he mean? She bit her lip with vexation, and turned away. He was accustomed now to all her change of moods. He delighted in bringing the angry flush to her fair cheek, and the darker light to her beautiful blue-grey eyes. He liked to watch the small lips grow stern, and the chin harden into marble, and the slight figure draw itself up into cold stateliness. He knew just what turns in the conversation would do all this, and he was proud of his knowledge.

The summer wore away to its close, and Leslie Graham was very much improved. Her sketch of Dr. Rogers had undergone many changes. She had crossed out, rewritten, added to, and taken from, all the characteristics she had at first given him. But now, at the last, she decided that she had been very unjust to him, and that she had treated him with undeserved rudeness many, many times. She was too intrinsically noble to let him go away without telling him as much.

On the last afternoon Dr. Rogers came through the hall, looking quite disconsolate, just as Leslie was coming downstairs. He brightened up when he saw her.

"Oh! Miss Leslie, you are the very one I want to see. Do come out rowing with me. Alice is taking a nap, and Helen is off somewhere with Arthur. I know you don't like sailing, so we'll go a mile or two inland, to the lake, and I'll row you across it. This is the last afternoon we shall have, you know," and he waited with an eager, entreating look, for her answer.

Yes, she would go. It would be such a good opportunity for her to say what she wanted to, and apologise for her rude behaviour. They might not be alone again.

When Dr. Rogers had rowed half way across the lake, Leslie, who had been rather silent all the way, began, with her head half-turned away from him:

"Dr. Rogers, I have something that I must say to you, before you go away; I owe it to you and to myself also. I want to thank you now for the many kindnesses you have done for me,

and for all your care and attention, which, at the time, I received so ungraciously. I was really grateful then, only my pride kept me from acknowledging it, and if you will add to all your kindness your pardon for rudeness to you, I cannot be too grateful."

She was going on, but he stopped her.

"I am well aware why you did not like me to care for you. I knew it was hard for you to accept favours from me, so I arranged our little agreement. It is all right, and please don't say any more. I have never thought you rude, Miss Leslie."

So then, he would not permit her to apologise. She was not satisfied with this. She had meant to humble her pride, and if he would not let her do it this way, there yet remained others. She had not understood the full meaning of his remark. Perhaps he did not intend that she should.

"You do not understand me, Dr. Rogers. It was not because I did not like to receive favours, but because I did not like you. I took a great dislike, that first morning, at breakfast, when I spilled my coffee—do you remember?"

She was approaching dangerous ground. Since their acquaintance, she had forgotten her feelings on that memorable morning, and her idea that he had suspected she was studying him.

"I do understand you, Miss Leslie. I knew perfectly well that you hated me that morning; but I would not stop on that account."

Leslie began to be frightened. Did he know everything under the sun? Did he know of her sketch-book, safely locked in her bureau drawer at the hotel, and what was inside of it? He was the hardest person to accept an apology that she ever saw. She leaned over the side of the boat, and dipped one hand in the rippling, cooling water; then laid it upon her hot face. She was uncertain what to do now. At last, with a desperate effort, she took a rash step.

"You are right. I hated you thoroughly, that morning. Dr. Hartwell wanted me to study people's faces and characters, and gave me a little book to write down my observations in. I began with you, with what success, you know. My first impressions, after you startled me so, were not very flattering, as you may suppose; but I have since changed my mind," and she gave a nervous little laugh.

Dr. Rogers turned to her a radiant, triumphant face. He had been waiting for this. In a low, trembling voice he said:

"I knew all that, too, Miss Leslie."

Leslie was very angry now. She had meant to ask forgiveness for having wronged him; now she was sure her first judgment was correct. With flashing eyes she said:

"Dr. Rogers, you will turn this boat round and row back; and when we land, you will please understand that we are to meet as strangers henceforth for ever."

Her voice was quite tragic, and freezingly cold.

In an instant the reaction came, and she covered her face with her hands, crying bitterly. She felt as if she would like to drop over the side of the boat, and find a hiding-place in the dark waters. She could not think what it all meant, she was so disappointed, so baffled, and perplexed.

Dr. Rogers had become quite pale at her last words; but he laid down the oars and came and knelt beside her. He took one of her hands away from her face, and kissed it many times. She dropped her head on the railing in the stern, hiding her face from him, but did not take her hand away.

"You did not mean those dreadful words you said?" and the love in his voice could be disguised no longer. "How can we meet as strangers when you are more to me than all the rest of the world? My darling, I know it was dreadful to deceive you so; but look up and let me tell you all. Please?"

She lifted her head and looked drearily at him through her tears, as if he were a long distance off. It seemed as if nothing whatever that he could say would ever affect her again.

She was unconscious that he still held her hand.

"I was sure you would find me out long before this. I am Dr. Hartwell's detested nephew; but my name is not Hartwell, as you innocently supposed one day, which amused me so I was on the point of letting out my secret. Dr. Hartwell is my own mother's brother, and the only one of the family who calls me John. I met him on my way here, and he told me of you, and of his plan about the character study. He did not know where to send you, and I suggested this place, and agreed to look out for you a little. He told me you were not over-anxious to meet me, and so together we formed this scheme; but I did not dream but that you would see through it, as soon as we became acquainted. When I first saw you I repeated heartily of the part I had agreed to play. Still the temptation was very great to make you take some notice of me, aside from my character of Dr. Hartwell's nephew. It was cruel, and I cannot hope for your forgiveness; it is too much to ask; but if you will let my life, my love, my whole heart and soul make atonement, I shall be perfectly happy."

It was impossible to withstand his pleading look. One glance into his earnest, glowing face disarmed her utterly. After all, most of the blame had been Dr. Hartwell's, who wanted her to like his pet nephew, and knew she never would, unless her prejudice was overcome. Her face softened. Perhaps the best way to gain ascendancy over this man, who was kneeling at her feet, would be to accept his love, and be his queen for ever. In her weakness and doubt this seemed the easiest way out of her difficulty. She was afraid, too, that she was beginning to love him a little, that is before all this happened—now she did not quite know. He was very quick to perceive her relenting.

"My own, my own," he cried in his joy, "you are not going to send me away—you will keep me here for ever, close beside you, and take my whole life and love into your dear hands. You are mine now, for ever and ever, and nothing can ever part us;" and he folded her in his arms.

Long before Dr. Rogers had rowed the boat back to the shore, all Leslie's hauteur was gone, and perfect peace reigned between her and her lover. If you had seen the tenderness with which he handed her to dry land, and the shy consciousness with which she accepted his aid, you would never have supposed that she started out with the intention of breaking off with him for ever.

Dr. Hartwell was perfectly satisfied with the result of his prescription. He often teases Leslie Rogers about it. But her husband never seconds him, for it came near proving a fatal prescription—to him, at least. Among his choicest treasures he carefully and tenderly guards his wife's wedding gift, the little red morocco book, which contains the portrait of himself, drawn by her hand. E. K.

## FACETIE.

### MEAT AND DRINK.

(Perth Station Refreshment Rooms.)

HIGHLAND DROVER: "Can you give her any dinner? Quick! She will haf to catch a train."

WAITER: "Yes, sir. What'll you have?"

H. D.: "Bring her a loaf and a pottle o' whisky." —Fun.

### A HOLIDAY "TRIM."

SWELL (who prides himself on his hirsute appearance): "Sorry I can't stop; want to get my hair cut, badly."

CYNICAL FRIEND: "Want to get your hair cut badly. Well, you can't do better than go where you always have it done. No one could do it worse." —Fun.

### "GIVE" AND "TAKE."

OLD SALT: "Not taking much this season.

sur? No, sur! Nobody's giving much this season, sur. Gents' hands don't seem to know their way in and out their pocket this season, sur!" —Fun.

### MODERN SAUCERY.

It is stated that some amusement was caused in the Central Criminal Court, on Thursday, by the mode in which the oath was administered to a Chinese witness; a saucer being given to him, he threw it to the ground with great force, thereby typifying that if he spoke falsely his body would be smashed in the same way. Of course, to our ideas, it does seem rather a cracked proceeding, though it is really only natural that Chinese customs should be connected with China. —Fun.

### HOLIDAY COUNSEL AND WARNINGS.

If you turn to Aar you will be evaporated.

If you go to Bagshot, mind you don't leave your bag at the station.

If you like nice home-made bread send your servant to Bakewell.

You will find airy sleeping accommodation in Barnes.

To those in search of jovial society we recommend Bath, on account of its bricks.

Quakers ought not to go to Battle.

Big game people are not likely to receive visitors politely.

Those who would win wives should not stop at Billing.

The G. W. Railway must be a perilous road to travel by, as there is always a Box on the line.

Fast young ladies are said to like Broadstairs.

Undertakers leaving their homes for recreation ought not to go to Bury.

Pious persons should go to Chappel.

Cowes will supply ass's milk.

Yachtsmen short of hands can find a Crewe in Cheshire.

In the dialect of their county we advise Wiltshire husbands not to leave their wives to their own Devices.

The Essex breed of pigs is good, but its Hams can scarcely be recommended to excursionists.

Girls that want sparks should hit upon Flint.

Farmers ought not to send their wives to Harrow.

Teething infants may derive benefit from Lenoing.

Lovers of good living will not be able to put up with Littleport.

Tradesmen can go to Deal, or Selling might suit them.

Hic est locus.—Diss is de place for gentlemen of colour.

Members of the Prize Ring are said to enjoy Malling.

One county is famous for one thing, and another for another. To get real rest in, give us Beds. We have a decided objection to Herts.

### CHEERING!

FIRST ARTIST (on a pedestrian tour): "Can you tell which is the best inn in Baconhurst?"

RUSTIC (bewildered): "Dunno."

SECOND ARTIST (tired): "But we can get beds there, I suppose? Where do travellers generally go?"

RUSTIC: "Go to the Union mostly!"

—Punch.

### JUST THE SAME, OR BETTER.

ENGLISH TOURIST: "Have you got Augusta here?"

SCOTCH INNKEEPER: "No; but Angus McDonald comes in about this time for his bit dram."

—Judy.

### AT THE LAST PICTURE SHOW.

Mrs. BROWN (aesthetic): "Well, you're the last person I should have thought of meeting here, Mr. Smith! I thought you hated pictures."

SMITH (prosaic): "So I do; I detest 'em. Must do 'em, though—subject for conversation."



Hate music, too—must do opera, though; same reason. —Judy.

## A GOOD ORDER.

SHEDDY GENTLEMAN (with extreme blandness): "Mary, my love, I'll take a glass of bitter, if you have no objection, and a clean pipe, and to-day's paper, a box of matches, if you've got 'em handy, and the change out of this threepenny bit; and just look slippery, will you?"

—Judy.

## NOT TO BE CAUGHT.

VISITOR: "Well, captain, how many fish have you caught?"

TAR (who has fished for hours without success): "Dunno, I haven't counted 'em yet!"

—Fun.

## COOL!

OLD GENT (sternly, to intruder who is having a dip): "Look here! Can't you read? How dare you, sir, bathe in these waters?"

INTRUDER (indignantly): "Bathe, sir? I bathe! Nonsense! I am only waiting for a friend!"

—Funny Folks.

## AN "ORIGINAL" IDEA.

FRIEND: "Do you copy every letter you write?"

HIBERNIAN: "Oh, yes; it's a good business habit. One makes important alterations in the copy, and then it's so convenient to have the original to swear to!"

—Funny Folks.

## UNREASONABLE!

POLICE-SERGEANT: "A man whom you don't know came behind you in the dark, struck you, and ran away! How do you expect us to find him?"

APPLICANT: "Well, you're a pretty fellow to ask me to teach you your duty! If I knew 'how,' I could find him myself."

—Funny Folks.

## TACT.

ADMIRING FRIEND: "What, another picture? Why, that's the second you've finished this week!"

PICTOR: "The third, my boy, the third!"

A. F. (wishing to be pleasant): "Ah, wonderful! That's what I always say when I hear people abuse your pictures. 'They may be bad,' I always say; 'but just look at the lot of them he turns out!'"

—Punch.

## WOKE UP.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard,  
I heard him complain.

WATTS.

BOOTS: "Eight o'clock, surr!"

VOICE (from the depths): "Why didn't ye tell me that before, confound you!"

—Punch.

## A SEASONED VESSEL.

THE SQUIRE (engaging new butler): "Well, I daresay you'll do; but look here, Richards, I may as well warn you that I often get out of temper with my servants, and when I do, I let 'em have it hot—make use of devilish strong language, you know."

NEW BUTLER (with quiet dignity): "I have been accustomed to that, sir, from my lord the Bishop!"

—Punch.

## COMPLIMENTARY TO THE JEWS.

THE JEWS are among the most moral and law-abiding citizens of any community, and are no public expense whatever, either as criminals or paupers. It is the exception when one of their number is found in any of our prisons; none of their adults in our almshouses. They have their own hospitals for their sick, and homes for their friendless children. They are loyal people to any government in which their lot may be cast. As a tangible proof of their loyalty to our land, they have our coat-of-arms embroidered on a velvet curtain, which hangs in front of the holy places in their synagogues, in which are deposited their Scriptures; and always at the end of their Sabbath religious services, they repeat a prayer (in English) for Her Majesty and all in authority. There is a yearly record kept by the Jews of all crimes committed by their

members in every country; and it is asserted by one of their highest officials that not more than one Jew, in fifty years, is hung for murder, throughout the whole world.

## STATISTICS.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC WITH FRANCE.—Consul Hotham, reporting on the trade of Calais, states that the number of passengers passing through Calais in 1878—namely, 260,603, far exceeded the number in any previous year. This, he observes, was to be expected, not only on account of the Paris Exhibition, but also from the success of the new twin-ship Calais-Douvres, that vessel alone having carried 56,182 passengers between June and November 2, 1878, at which last date she ceased running for the season. The Consul reports the number of passengers between England and France through the principal Channel ports in 1878 at not less than 600,105 namely, 298,552 landed in France and 301,553 embarked. The 260,603 passengers via Calais, showed the marked preference for the Calais route. There were also 144,838 via Boulogne, 140,007 via Dieppe, 23,258 via Havre, 991 via Dunkirk, to which are added 27,408 via Ostend.

## DAYBREAK.

Slow but sure o'er the mountain's top  
There breaks the day  
In gold array,  
Filling our hearts with smiling hope,  
As bright does grow  
Its genial glow.

Fair ruddy morn with rosy stride  
Advancing on  
Sweet day begun,  
And showing beauties far and wide  
With dew so fair  
All sparkling there.

The lark now tired and wearied of rest  
Has taken flight  
Once more to height,  
And warbles sweetly o'er his nest  
His cheering song  
So loud and long.

The twittering birds now take to flight  
And for a day  
Go far away,

While little lambskins with delight  
Play frantic games  
Beside their dames.

Now Phoebus rises o'er the hill  
And shows its face  
O'er every place,  
And even more gaily comes the rill  
In sparkling hue  
So grand to view.

All round again does laugh with glee,  
And there does sound  
So sweet around,  
A welcome full of melody  
To smiling morn  
Just newly born.

S. B. N.

## GEMS.

PRAYER that craves any particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer, as a means to effect a private end, is meanness and theft. As soon as a man is at one with God, he will not beg.

EVERY man carries about with him a touchstone, if he will make use of it, to distinguish substantial gold from superficial glitter, truth from appearance.

THERE are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, temperance and

soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

PRIDE and poverty are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites with them, the depth of wretchedness is attained.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

WASHING THE HAIR.—It is occasionally necessary to thoroughly cleanse the hair. One or two precautions must be taken, however. Never use soap if you can avoid it; if you do, let it be the very mildest and unperfumed. Avoid so-called hair-cleansing fluids, and use rain-water, filtered. The yolks of two new-laid eggs are much to be preferred to soap; they make a beautiful lather, and when the washing is finished, and the hair thoroughly rinsed in the purest rain-water, you will find, when dry, that the gloss will not be destroyed, which an alkali never fails to do. The first water must not be very hot, only just warm, and the last perfectly cold. Dry with soft towels—but do not rub till the skin is tender—and afterwards brush. Be always careful to have your brushes and combs perfectly clean and free from grease.

CRIMPING HAIR.—To make the hair stay in crimp, take two pennyworth of gum-arabic, and add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When dissolved add enough alcohol to make it rather thin. Let this stand all night, and then bottle it to prevent the alcohol from evaporating. This put on the hair at night after it is done up in paper or pins will make it stay in crimp the hottest day, and is perfectly harmless.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

TEN of the sixteen London theatres now open depend for their principal attraction on pieces of French origin.

At a fashionable theatre in the Strand, on the 12th, a bouquet was thrown to a popular actress by a youth in the front row of stalls. The petals of the bouquet consisted of a brace of grouse.

The leading cattle breeders of Texas have announced that they are ready to export from 175,000 to 200,000 head of cattle annually, if the price is made satisfactory. If European governments do not hedge their ports with too stringent regulations there need be no lack of good beef on this side of the Atlantic.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has laid the foundation stone of the new Eddystone Lighthouse, which is to be erected, owing to the decay of the reef on which Smeaton's celebrated work now stands. The Prince of Wales helped to spread the cement.

AN officer from the French Government is now in England, his object being to inspect our system of lighthouses, especially the system of buoys illuminated with compressed gas, which will continue to burn uninterrupted for several weeks together.

THE new steam despatch ship "Mercury" goes 22 miles per hour through the water, and the Fleet, as a whole, is in first-class order. For a strong vessel, capable of carrying heavy stores and guns, and fit for service on the four seas, her speed is a triumph.

THE sum of £303,000 is to be expended this year in provision of the naval stores. Last year the amount expended was £367,000, the difference being due to the fact of so much of the six millions granted for war preparations having been spent in completing outstanding orders for the Admiralty.

No cheap luxury ever so readily became a general favourite as "the Japanese hat, price one penny." Ladies and gentlemen alike, as well as persons of low degree and lofty pride, appear to delight in making a display of what is termed—for an unaccountable reason—"a Zulu."

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**TATMOUTH CASTLE.**—The lines forwarded are fairly well written, but are not suitable for our columns. There are other publications the Editors of which might accept them and remunerate you as per agreement.

**ANNIE.**—If a mistress gives a servant a month's notice, and then sends her away before the expiration of the month from no fault of her own, which we gather from your letter is the case, the mistress is liable for the full month's wages.

**HEARTSEASE.**—Having been separated from your second husband for twelve years, and being known to the world in the first husband's name, we see no objection to your being buried in the name you are known by. But in the event of property being involved, it would not be a wise thing to do, as it would complicate matters.

**FRANCEFORT.**—The engagement ring is generally provided as soon as convenient, but there is no circumscribed time.

**S. R.**—A gentleman should step outside the pew, and let the lady pass in before him.

**LORRIE.**—Your letter not containing your full name and address, for the Editor's guidance, is the reason no notice has been taken of it.

**FUSTY ANNIE.**—1. The shades of hair of samples sent are both pretty, and the choice is quite a matter of taste; we incline to the sample tied with blue, although the other is the finest in texture. The colour of the ribbon to be worn with either depends so much upon the complexion. Study, not the reflection of your own face, but the appearance of other ladies, and try and harmonise the colours. Don't fall into the error of wearing cardinal simply because it is fashionable. 2. Handwriting indifferent; practice. 3. We do not consider it a trouble to answer sensible questions.

**ALICE.**—If you cannot afford to pay cash down you can get a good sewing machine from the manufacturers, S. Davis & Co., 67, Cheapside, by paying 2s. 6d. per week. The firm state that they do not charge extra for this accommodation.

**LEONORE M.**—Secrets as between a wife and a husband have always been, and always will be a source of anxiety. We advise you, for your own comfort after marriage, to impart the secret to those immediately interested.

**H. V. N.**—We quite understand the feelings of annoyance engendered at the want of thought displayed by your friends and acquaintances in volunteering silly remarks on your baldness. It is a poor insane soul which cannot raise a laugh save at the expense of personalities. There are thousands of wigs worn, and it would not come under the head of vanity were you to obtain one.

**CHARLES.**—You seem to be doing well enough. The young lady knows very well why you call so often, but of course she will not let you see that she understands it. If you love her, and want her for your wife, speak to her parents on the subject, and then, with their permission, "declare your intentions" to her.

**M. P.**—A man who has shown ability as a writer can often get an engagement as correspondent, but one who has had no experience and has no reputation as a writer cannot reasonably expect anyone to employ him.

**EDGAR.**—Let the lady carry her sun umbrella herself if it is not a heavy one.

**R. H.**—Unless school-girls have the consent of their parents, they have no business to enter into correspondence with young men.

**ETHEL.**—As we know nothing about the relative positions of yourself and the gentleman, and are ignorant of your respective ages, we shall not venture to assist you. It is probable that if you talk the matter over with your mother she could help to a decision; and of course, as a dutiful daughter, you would not make a gentleman a present without letting your mother know about it beforehand.

**A. G.**—You should find someone who could introduce you to the young lady.

**W. R. G.**—Send full particulars to Superintendent, 71, Avondale Square, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

**AGNES.**—Writing in the name of five young ladies, must forward their addresses to the Editor prior to the insertion of the advertisement.

**KATH, ROSE and MINGEVOTTE, A. F. M and E. M. D.** **MADON, COPPER'S DARLINGS, BRIGHT ROSE and LOVELY NELL, MURIEL, JIMMY D., LILLY, LILLIAN and VIOLET, G. R., MAGDALEN H., BLOSSOM and BERRY, MOONLIGHT, and others.** See reply to "Agnes" (first column).

**AMERICUS,** twenty-five, dark, medium height, fond of home and music, would like to correspond with a domestic servant residing in or near Birmingham with a view to matrimony.

**CLARISSA,** twenty-one, a widow, no children, would like to correspond with a young man about twenty-three with a view to matrimony.

**H. D.,** nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, fond of music and dancing, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony.

**S. W.,** twenty-two, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, loving, would like to correspond with a young lady about twenty, medium height, good-looking, and loving.

**A. M.,** nineteen, dark, brown hair, hazel eyes, medium height, fond of home and children, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age.

**THE LASS THAT LOVES A CORPORAL, S. T., H. L., A. S. IATIG, M. B., and MELLON** have not sent full names and addresses, consequently their communications cannot be inserted.

**ROSA, LILY, and MAY,** three friends, would like to correspond with three young gentlemen. Rosa is nineteen, tall, dark, good-looking. Lily is seventeen, handsome, fair, of a loving disposition. May is eighteen, dark, medium height, fond of home and music.

## "ARE THE CHILDREN SAFE AT HOME?"

ALL day she lay so calmly still,  
But when the evening came  
Into her dull and glazing eyes  
Flash'd suddenly love's flame.  
"Is late," she said, "and dark to roam;  
The children—are they safe at home?"

"Husband, you know that Phil rides far,  
And Jamie loves to play,  
And when the dew begins to fall  
'Tis ill for little May,  
So dark, so cold, and late to roam;  
Dear love, go call the children home."

She had forgotten that Phil slept  
Beneath Atlantic waves,  
And that the roses bloomed above  
Two other little graves;  
She had forgotten—mother's truth  
And mother's love keeps constant youth.

"They are at home," he whispered low,  
They are at home, dear wife;  
Out of the dark, out of the cold,  
Out of the pain and strife;  
They are at home! Sweet slumber take,  
And you shall see them when you wake."

She smiled, and fell on gentle sleep;  
We watched till night was past,  
Then Love said tenderly, "Rejoice!  
Her journey is o'er at last!  
Her rest is won, no more shall I roam—  
Safe with the children, safe at home."

L. E. B.

**ELECTRO MAGNET, JUST COME, and TURN OUT,** three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Electro Magnet is twenty-two, fair, medium height, fond of children. Just Come is twenty-one, fair, good-looking, of a loving disposition. Turn Out is twenty-one, dark, curly hair, fond of music and dancing. Respondents must be about twenty, loving.

**SEAGULL,** twenty-one, a seaman in the Royal Navy, good-looking, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady.

**J. E. G.,** twenty-two, tall, dark, domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-five, loving, fond of home and children.

**JASMINE and DAISY,** two sisters, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. Respondents must be about twenty, tall, good-looking.

**PERSEVERING TOM,** twenty-two, fair, fond of home, children, and music, would like to correspond with a good-tempered, thoroughly domesticated young lady about twenty, residing in London.

**PURSER'S DIP, TURBET POINTER, HEMISPHERICAL CUP, and RIGHT LIMBER UP,** four seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with four young ladies with a view to matrimony. Purser's Dip is twenty, good-looking, fond of children. Turbet Pointer is eighteen, dark, Hemispherical Cup is twenty-one, dark eyes, fond of dancing. Right Limber Up is seventeen, tall, light hair, blue eyes, fond of music. Respondents must be between seventeen and twenty, good-looking, fond of home, and thoroughly domesticated.

**FLORRIE and EMILY,** two friends, would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy. Florrie is nineteen, tall, dark brown eyes, of a loving disposition. Emily is eighteen, tall, dark eyes, very affectionate.

**MARIE,** twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony.

**WATER SAIL BILL and SCREW PURCHASE TOM,** two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Water Sail Bill is twenty-seven, fair, brown hair, hazel eyes, medium height, of a loving disposition. Screw Purchase Tom is twenty-two, good-looking, dark brown curly hair, hazel eyes, good-tempered, fond of music.

**RIFLE STUB,** twenty-two, light brown hair, dark blue eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a young lady about the same age, fond of home.

**CROSS SHOVEL JACK, RIFLE SLING, BICYCLE JACK, and BARREL STUB PIR,** four seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with four young ladies with a view to matrimony. Cross Shovel Jack is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, fair, of a loving disposition. Rifle Sling is twenty, brown hair, blue eyes, loving, fond of children. Bicycle Jack is twenty-one, dark hair, hazel eyes, dark. Barrel Stub Pir is twenty, fair, brown hair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

**S. N. M.,** twenty-one, in business for himself, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, with means.

**L. F. AGNES, NINA, WALTER and ARTHUR, INDUSTRY, GRECIAN SPICE, SMOKE BOX, and LOVELY HARRY,** not having sent full names and addresses, their advertisements cannot be inserted.

**LAURA,** eighteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, loving, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young man about twenty-one.

**EVELINE and MILLIE,** two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Eveline is nineteen, medium height, light hair, blue eyes, fair, fond of home, domesticated. Millie is tall, dark, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of children and music. Respondents must be between twenty and twenty-five.

**EDITH L.,** nineteen, fair, dark brown hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young man.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

**ROVING BOB** is responded to by—Clarissa, twenty-one; and by—Amy S., tall, light hair, blue eyes, and good-looking.

**P. R. by—May,** twenty, good-looking, dark, medium height, of a loving disposition.

**JAMES by—M. S.,** twenty-two, fair, blue eyes, fond of home, domesticated.

**TITCHY by—Ermine,** tall, dark hair and eyes, and well-educated.

**BREADBARGE BILL by—Jasmine,** tall, black hair and eyes, accomplished.

**BEN DITTOBOX by—Enloraac,** dark brown hair and eyes.

**TRUE BLUE by—Black-Eyed Susan,** twenty, fond of home, tall, Tom Bowling by—Dark-Eyed Maria, twenty-one. The ladies' addresses required.

**SIDNEY by—Emily,** twenty, of a loving disposition, brown hair, fair.

**VIOLET by—James O.,** twenty-one, fond of music and children.

**DAISY by—James W.,** twenty-two, dark, good-looking.

**LILY by—Frederick J.,** nineteen, dark eyes, fond of home and dancing.

**ARTHUR by—E. J. M.,** twenty-four, medium height, dark, fond of home and music.

**C. C. A. by—Harriet T.,** twenty, fair, medium height, blue eyes.

**R. W. A. by—Sarah W.,** seventeen, dark, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

**LOVELY NELL by—Smiling Tom,** twenty-one, fond of home and music.

**PINK ROSE by—R. T.,** twenty-one, tall, dark, good-looking; and by—M. A. F., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition.

**GRUBMET STRAP by—Mary E.,** nineteen, light hair, and blue eyes.

**ELLIOTT'S EYES by—Ada L.,** twenty, auburn hair, hazel eyes, nice-looking.

**H. A. by—H. G.,** twenty-four, dark, fond of music.

**R. E. McD. by—May,** twenty, medium height, dark, good-looking.

**NORON'S DARLING by—Samuel,** twenty, loving, good-looking, fond of children; and by—Traps, a seaman in the Royal Navy, tall, dark, good-looking.

**SIDNEY by—Little F.,** twenty-one, loving, brown hair, grey eyes, fond of home and music.

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